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*Ninth
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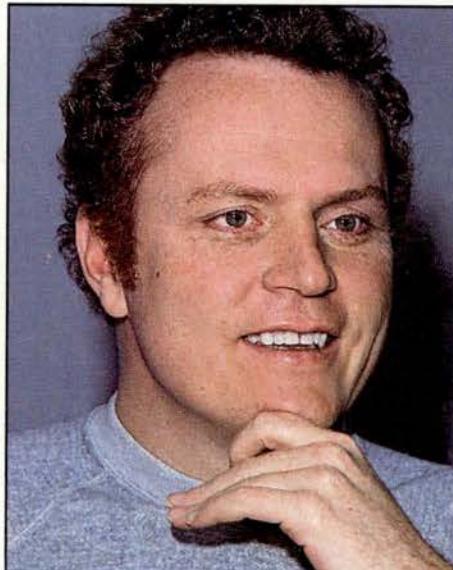
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PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT



Ninth Anniversary

It's been nine years since I published the first issue of HUSTLER. When you consider that a lot of new publishing ventures don't last much longer than nine *months*, you know why I consider myself damned fortunate—despite the well-publicized hardships I've had to endure.

These nine years have been eventful, to say the least. I won't rehash here all the trials and tribulations that go with publishing a controversial magazine like HUSTLER; there's plenty about that elsewhere in this issue. But I think a look at what's gone on in the country as a whole during that time gives a clear picture of why HUSTLER continues to thrive.

When the first issue hit the stands in 1974, America had a President (Richard Nixon) who was bent on destroying our Constitutional guarantees. The press in general was under attack for being "negative," even though it was simply doing its job of pointing out the truth. We were still involved in Vietnam. The economy was staggering from the recent Arab oil embargo. And even while the "sexual revolution" was helping many Americans lose their fear of sex, bluenoses and censors were gearing up for a full-scale attack.

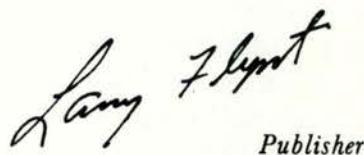
Now, nine years later, the Constitution is again under attack. The First and Fourth Amendments (your rights to free speech and privacy) are like noble statues being chipped away by "vandals" in the Reagan Administration and the Supreme Court. Just as Nixon did, Reagan blames

a "negative" press for defeating many of his policy proposals. We're getting involved deeper and deeper in another Vietnam, this time in Central America. I'm sure I don't have to remind you about the dismal state of the economy. And the bible-thumpers have become powerful enough to convince the President to consider a big-brotherlike "smut czar" who would censor sex in the media.

In other words, the same threats to your freedom that existed when HUSTLER first went to press are still around for our ninth anniversary. I know damned well those same threats will be there for our tenth anniversary—and our 15th and our 50th. The way I see it, there's no choice but to keep fighting.

Don't get me wrong. HUSTLER is without shame a sex magazine, whose purpose is to bring you the best erotic entertainment and photography in the world. But as long as there are forces in this country who would rip this magazine out of your hands if they could, it's also our duty to keep you informed.

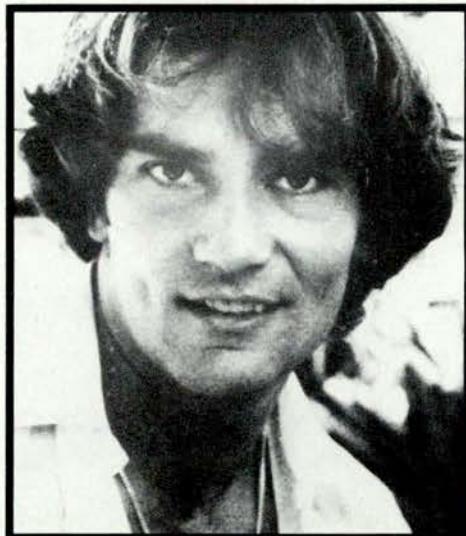
Judging from your response, HUSTLER's been doing a pretty good job of that the last nine years. But as the saying goes: You ain't seen nothin' yet!



Larry Flynt
Publisher

JOHN SULLIVAN

In Memoriam



They buried John Sullivan last March for the second time. What was left of the body of the *HUSTLER* reporter, who had disappeared shortly after arriving in El Salvador late in 1980 to cover that Central American nation's bloody civil war, had been discovered eight months earlier in a makeshift grave 12 miles outside the capital city of San Salvador. His head had been cut off. His hands were missing. Following endless red tape and runarounds, his meager skeletal remains had been shipped back to the United States in an infant's casket and positively identified by a team of medical and anthropological experts.

For two long, anguishing years the U.S. State Department, the American Embassy in El Salvador and Salvadoran officials had done next to nothing to investigate the journalist's disappearance. The Sullivan family—his mother and two sisters—were forced to spend more than \$20,000 of their savings in a desperate attempt to uncover leads. An advertisement they placed in a Salvadoran newspaper, seeking information and offering a reward, finally brought a letter stating that Sullivan's body had been found in a ditch the day after his arrival in wartorn El Salvador. The letter writer said that Sullivan had been buried in an orange-plastic bag, and

he included a crude map showing the location of the grave.

Throughout their ordeal the Sullivan family charged that their search for the 26-year-old American had been stymied by the Reagan Administration's

fear of jeopardizing hundreds of millions of dollars in controversial military aid for El Salvador. "The bullets that killed John Sullivan were almost certainly paid for with American dollars," said TV newscaster David Marash, who recited the eulogy at an emotional memorial service in Sullivan's hometown of Bogota, New Jersey. Added his grief-stricken mother, Lorraine Sullivan: "There's nothing else we can do for Johnny but keep him in our prayers."

Even in the wake of these tragic events the Reagan Administration maintained its shamefully callous attitude toward the Sullivan affair. Mrs. Sullivan expressed dismay that not one condolence message had been received from anyone associated with the White House—let alone the President. "He can pick up the phone and call to congratulate when a ballteam wins a series but not when an American family is very, very sad," she said. "I'm very disillusioned by our government."

The editors of *HUSTLER* agree. We offer the proud Sullivan women our deepest sympathy.

Our July issue is always a special one because it marks HUSTLER's anniversary. And we're particularly pleased with this issue—observing the completion of our ninth year publishing the finest men's magazine around—because the man who started it all is offering his innermost thoughts. In our **INTERVIEW** with **LARRY FLYNT**, our controversial Publisher speaks out on drugs, sex, suicide, atheism and much more.

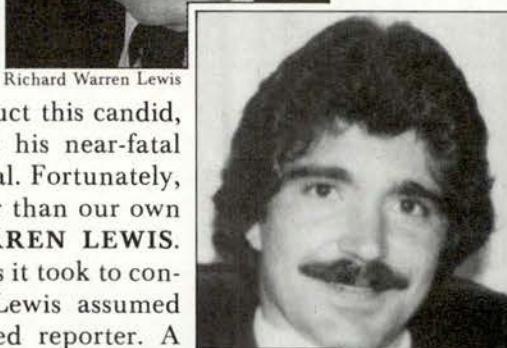
Choosing the right man to conduct this candid, in-depth Q&A—Flynt's first since his near-fatal shooting five years ago—was crucial. Fortunately, we didn't have to look any farther than our own Articles Editor, **RICHARD WARREN LEWIS**. For the better part of the two weeks it took to conduct the interview with Larry, Lewis assumed the role of probing, tough-minded reporter. A longtime journalist whose many credits include the *Saturday Evening Post*, *Life*, *New West*, *Playboy* and the *New York Times*, he considers the Flynt interview the most challenging of his distinguished career. "I've interviewed Johnny Carson, Jack Lemmon, John Wayne and Helen Gurley Brown, among many others," Lewis says. "But spending the many hours I did getting to know the *real* Larry Flynt was an intriguing and illuminating experience. The man has lived a truly incredible life."

When we decided to do a special feature on which adult-film stars are best in bed, no less than half our staff volunteered to conduct the "research"! We declined their kind offers and, as usual, went straight to the source. The result is **ARE PORN STARS REALLY GOOD IN BED?**, written by two of porn's busiest bodies, **JAMIE GILLIS** and **LISA DeLEEUW**. These two veterans of hundreds of feature-length X-rated movies kiss and tell *all* about their favorite onscreen lovers, proving they know exactly whereof they speak . . . and screw.

J. BRADFORD OLESKER raises the dead for this month's fiction, **THE COMING**. He recalls that this chilling tale of demon-love and hushed-up murder "came to him in a dream." We



Richard Warren Lewis



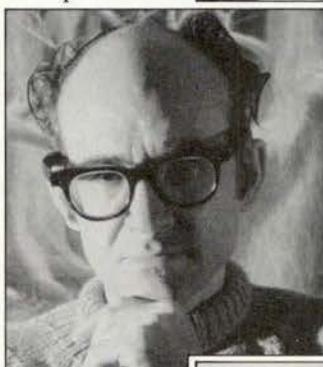
think you'll have a hard time sleeping after reading this one. Formerly Editorial Director of Larry Flynt Publications, Olesker is also the author of four novels, including his latest, *The Young Dragons*. The eerie illustration is by regular HUSTLER contributor **ALEX EBEL**.

Virtually everyone has heard of herpes by now. The sexual epidemic strikes a quarter of a million people a year and—worst of all—is incurable. Or is it? In this month's **Sex Play**, **GENITAL HERPES: A SHOT OF HOPE**, Associate Editor

RODGER CLAIRE reveals a promising new treatment for persons plagued by this horror. "I got tired of reading all the doomsday articles damning herpes sufferers to a life of misery," he says. "There had to be some hope for the future, and I decided to find it." Claire has also written for *Playboy* and *Oui*.

This Anniversary Issue we're proud to welcome a new addition to the stable of HUSTLER cartoonists, **ERIC J. DECETIS**. A resident of Sacramento, California, Decetis has been everything from a clothing salesman to a musician. But his longtime dream had been to contribute to HUSTLER. Says the 30-year-old Decetis: "As an avid HUSTLER reader since 1975, I've always admired the humor of the various cartoonists, particularly Dwaine Tinsley and John Billette. In spite of my Roman Catholic upbringing, I've long been known for my decadent and somewhat-macabre sense of humor." As you can see from the cartoons on pages 11 and 39, Decetis has little trouble making his creative mind and hand work together.

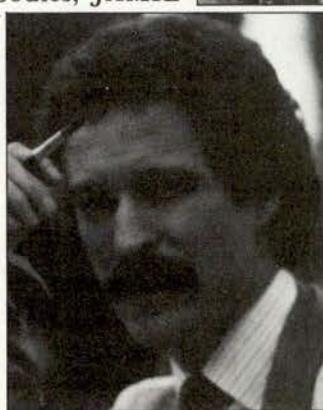
Of course, an anniversary HUSTLER would be incomplete without a life-size centerfold. And we're sure you'll agree that lovely **ALEXANDRA: BABY BLUE** is our most exquisite find yet. In addition, our staff worked hard to create the daring and unusual pictorial **HUSTLER'S GUIDE TO SEXUAL POSITIONS**. (In fact, it took us a lot longer to decide on the final 19 positions than we thought it would!) Combine this with **LESLIE: BETWEEN THE LINES** and **DENISE: BODY LANGUAGE**—our other two knockouts—and the Anniversary Issue is complete. The July HUSTLER is a great way to kick off our landmark tenth year of publication. And we're only going to get better! 



Alex Ebel



Rodger Claire



Eric J. Decetis

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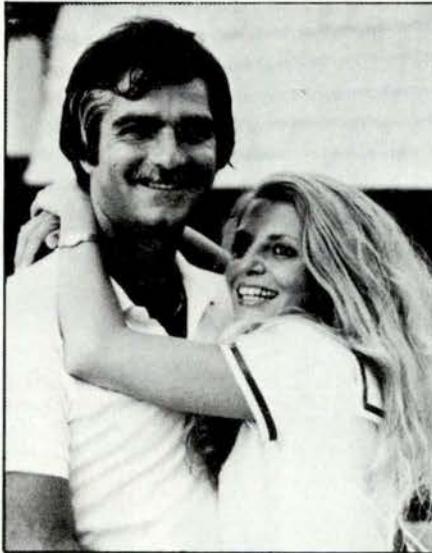
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Pink Slip? I just bought the May issue of your fine magazine and found an absence of photos with models holding their cunt lips open. Hooray! It's not that I object to seeing a little pink. It's just that seeing so many gaping beavers is like pouring too much sugar in one's coffee. Thanks for the change of pace.

—Luther Boyd
North Muskegon, Michigan

I've noticed that in the issues since Larry Flynt returned as Publisher, there's been a noticeable softening in the pictorials. In other words, the models no longer have their vaginas spread. I'm sure that I speak for many readers when I say I much prefer the older, bolder style. In fact, it was one of the reasons I bought HUSTLER. With my limited budget I may have to quit buying the magazine if you persist with this new, tame style. So please, Larry, let Althea do the photo-editing—she's better at it.

—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

Because of censorship problems, we did have to soften some of our pictorials recently in order to get the magazine on the newsstands. We've got those problems licked now, though, and HUSTLER's photo-sets are destined to be hotter than ever. Check out our upcoming issues to see what we mean.

Bad Feelings: If prizes were awarded for the most senseless filth ever printed and made available to a gullible public, your miserable rag would take the biggest one. Your December 1982 issue was degrading, and you lost buyers as a result of it. I refer to the Dwaine Tinsley cartoon that showed Jesus singing the song "Feelings" while on the cross.

Have you no sensibility at all? Your magazines don't even burn well in our incinerator! Yuk! —Name and Address
Withheld by Request



Maid Service



Catherine: Woman of Elegance

I suggest that you place a newspaper want ad for cartoonists with higher IQs. Each month in HUSTLER there's some idiotic cartoon depicting blacks as nothing more than common rogues, bums and simpletons.

I wish your staff could visit the racially mixed college campuses across the nation. They would no doubt be astonished. More than 60% of whites on these campuses don't give a damn about their hygiene or appearance. Most of them walk around in jeans with holes the size of baseballs and wear the same clothes day after day until they corrode from the grime.

Blacks (who are often called "dirty animals") are seen on the other hand in clean clothes, designer jeans and what have you. You often find the same pattern in the mixed neighborhoods of our big cities.

Will the real "bums" please stand up?
—S. C. E.
Edinboro, Pennsylvania

By satirizing the stereotypes of blacks, Jews, Hispanics, etc., we hope to eliminate false notions about ethnic groups.

Making a Point: I've finally been forced to comment on the ongoing *Feedback* debate over an August 1982 HUSTLER cartoon on epilepsy. That cartoon may have been graphic, but no more so than any other cartoon intended to make a point. As a person who has taken medication for epilepsy for 16 years, I was not offended by the cartoon. Instead, I was proud of HUSTLER Magazine's fearless ability to shed some light on another one of our society's "taboo" subjects.

I applaud any such thought-provoking exposure of this subject in the media. Don't be mad at HUSTLER and react defensively. Remember that any

group that's ever had to fight for equality has always had HUSTLER Magazine behind it.

—Robert Kieffe
Bakersfield, California

Elegance: You've reached an all-time high in eroticism with your May cover-girl and centerfold, *Catherine: Woman of Elegance*. I've been reading HUSTLER for a long time, but I've never seen a model as beautiful as this one. From her classic face to her perfect pussy to her long, shapely legs, Catherine is the most attractive woman I've ever seen, in a magazine or in real life!

If I could find a lady half as good-looking as Catherine, I'd be happy for the rest of my life.

—Robin Fischer

Los Angeles, California

Loving a Winner: What I wouldn't do to have a date with *Cecilia, the Beaver Hunt Winner* shown in your May issue. Your editors were right on top of things when they picked her for a full-length photo-shoot.

Please tell Cecilia for me that if she's ever around Dumas, there's one cowboy who'd love to take her for a bareback ride. I'd ride her hard and put her up wet, but I guarantee she'd love it.

—G. M.
Dumas, Texas



Cecilia: Beaver Hunt Winner

To Mix or Not? With the April issue, HUSTLER has taken a turn for the better. All the pictorials in that issue were of women—and that's just the way I like it. In other words, I don't want to see layouts with men in them.

I was also quite taken with that fox of a centerfold, *Jeanette: Here Comes the Bride*. She is really one sexy woman. I would like to fuck her while I sucked on those gorgeous tits. The way she was wearing that sexy veil, she looked just

like a goddess to me. She's also got, by far, the most-beautiful legs I have ever seen.

—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

What I enjoy most about your magazine are the man/woman pictorials. *Bad Moon Rising* in the December 1982 issue and *Dirty Pool* (January) are the best of their kind I've seen in HUSTLER.

Keep up the fantastic work, and welcome home, Larry! —David Smith
Springfield, Virginia

One of the things I like best about HUSTLER is the realistic way you portray women together in the throes of passion. You've done it again with the May pictorial *Maid Service*. My cock practically punched a hole in my pants when I saw those two hot bitches getting it on.

Here's a suggestion for another pictorial featuring the same two women: Next time, have the "master of the house" catch them in the act.

—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

Shorn Ladies: Your April *Kinky Korner* ("Hot, Horny and Hairless") told about a woman who is bald. Since the demise of *Razor's Edge* magazine, I haven't found any publication that will run a

photo-layout featuring a woman getting a total body shave in a barber's chair. If you'll consider doing so in the future, it will certainly please us kinky readers.

—C. M.
Stamford, Connecticut

*Watch for a pictorial showing a beautiful nun being shaved in an issue upcoming soon. You should also know that we've already run several photo-sets depicting hairless ladies and women being shaved. You might want to check out *Gold Fingers* in the October 1982 HUSTLER; *Programmed for Passion* (May 1981); *The Naked... and the Dead* (February 1978); and *A Hairless Experience* (June 1976). Most of these editions, by the way, are available by filling out the coupon on page 4 of this issue.*

Asshole Victim: Thank you for the April *Asshole of the Month* column about David Thorstad and his fellow members of the North American Man-Boy Love Association (NAMBLA). As a young girl, I was victimized by two men who shared NAMBLA's sick belief that child molestation is not only okay but a political right too. Although both men are now dead, the sex toy they made of me destroyed 30 years of my life.

When I was a child, I would have given anything to get just one night's sleep without those night visitors invading

ing my body and my free will. NAMBLA talks about giving children the right to explore the sexual world around them. How about allowing children the freedom to play in the park and to sleep at night without being threatened by sick, horrible grown-ups?

I know there are thousands of adult men and women out there who were victims of child molestation, as I was. I think I can say for all of us, "Watch out, NAMBLA. There are a lot of very angry grown-ups who once were victimized by you sickos. If I were you, I'd be looking over your shoulders for the rest of your stinking lives." —Donna O'Malley

West Chester, Pennsylvania

I read Francesca Porter's *Sex Play "Incest: A Warning Guide"* (February) and was impressed with its understanding of the trauma experienced by the victims of father-daughter incest. Thank you for quoting me accurately and for the article itself. I'm sure it will be helpful and reassuring to the hundreds of thousands of incestuously abused children—many of whom as adults continue to blame themselves for the breakup or disabled state of their families.

Incidentally, your readers may obtain the addresses of local sexual-abuse treatment centers by writing or phoning Parents United (P.O. Box 952, San Jose, CA 95108; 408-280-5055).

—Dr. Henry Giaretto, Executive Director
Child Sexual Abuse Treatment Program
San Jose, California

Your great magazine carries a lot of weight with people. They find peace in your advice columns and education in your articles.

Being the parent of a young son, therefore, I see a need for HUSTLER to speak out against child molestation. As our society changes, more and more men and women alike are attempting to "get their jollies" by screwing our children. What pleasure can they receive? What gratification can there be in watching a child cry and beg and suffer?

Unfortunately, law-enforcement agencies, the government, parents and friends tend to treat child molestation too lightly. I have one child, and I'm afraid to let him out of my sight. The schools aren't safe anymore.

HUSTLER, I know parents read your magazine. Please speak out and help us.

—Worried Mother
Nashville, Tennessee

*We couldn't agree more. That's why so many of our articles and columns have examined the disturbing topic of child abuse. Perhaps you missed our April *Asshole of the Month*, which exposed the North American Man-Boy*



"You won't catch me playing house with that Billy Freebush again!"



Love Association, a group that promotes sex between adults and young boys. You also would be interested in our February Sex Play, "Incest: A Warning Guide" (see above letters). As far back as October 1977, HUSTLER addressed the mistreatment of youngsters in a landmark report titled Child Abuse in America: Slaughter of the Innocents. Rest assured we'll continue to keep our readers informed about this important issue.

Censorship Is Darkness: I'm 41 and the mother of two grown children. My husband and I have been reading HUSTLER for years. Your magazine has helped me keep my husband safely at home and happy to be there. It's also kept us informed and aware.

Robert McGarvey's May report, Censorship: What You Should Know, badly frightened me. I am an avid reader and will read anything. I don't always agree with what I read, but I want to be able to read it anyway and make up my own mind.

Don't change, and don't stop printing HUSTLER. If you do, another light will have gone out, and I fear the dark. The sin is in ignorance and fear. Things look so much better in the light when you can see *all* sides. HUSTLER makes for a healthy mind, with no dark corners.

—Kathy Mueller
Las Vegas, Nevada

As a loyal HUSTLER reader and admirer of Larry and Althea Flynt, I was outraged upon reading the May article on censorship by Robert McGarvey, as well as that month's Asshole of the Month column on the Reverend Don Hutchings. These people who would take away our rights to read, hear, see and speak whatever we damn well please must be stopped if we are to remain free. No one has the right to abridge our freedoms.

HUSTLER is a work of art in every sense of the word. —David Wells
Bradford, Pennsylvania

Death and Mancini: Ben Pesta's profile Boom Boom Mancini: Death Haunts a Champion (May) was really needed to get at the truth behind the tragic death of South Korean boxer Duk Koo Kim.

Your story was the first that truly showed both sides. I think until now there had been a lot of hatred directed toward Mancini because of Kim's death. Now I feel better, knowing that he did make an honest effort on Kim's behalf by praying for him and offering to pay his medical expenses. And it made me aware of the fact that Mancini is only human.

—Brenda Wale
Celina, Ohio

I would like to clarify two points in your profile Boom Boom Mancini: Death

Haunts a Champion (May). First, WBA stands for the World Boxing Association—not the World Boxing Authority. Second, Pesta wrote that the WBA and the World Boxing Council (WBC) share no common champion in any of their weight classes. This is incorrect. Marvin Hagler has been the undisputed middle-weight champion of both organizations since September 1980. And Michael Spinks defeated Dwight Braxton recently to consolidate the light-heavyweight titles—but that probably occurred after you went to press with the Mancini profile.

—Russ Leonard
Indianapolis, Indiana

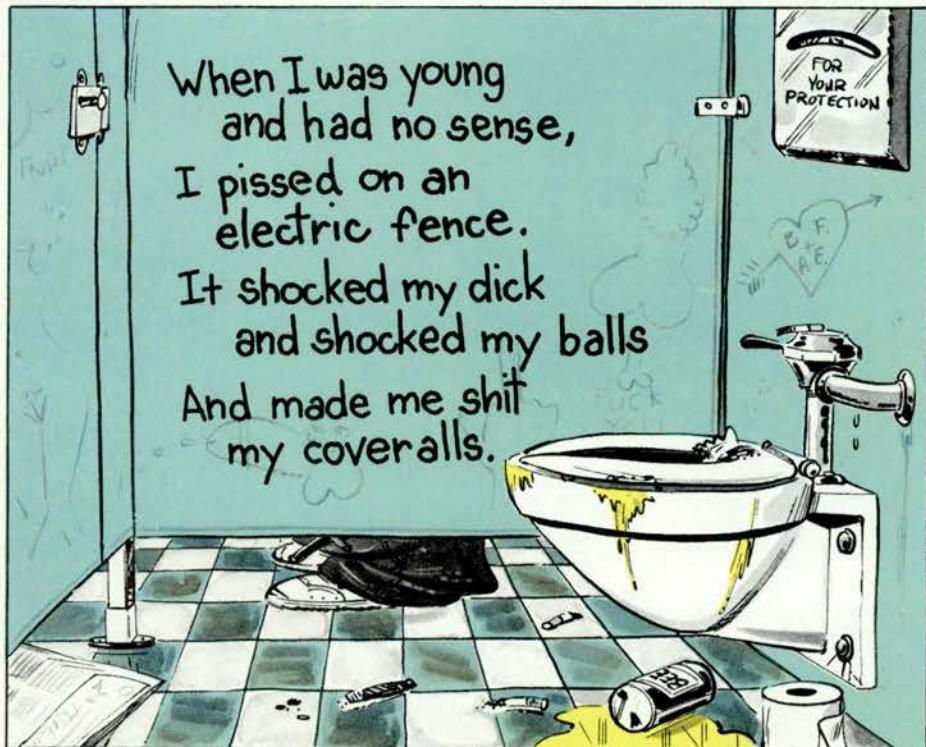
Buy American: Larry Flynt's March Publisher's Statement, "Buy American," was right on the money. Unemployment has hit hardest in the car industry. It's therefore the duty of every American planning to buy a car to buy one made in this country. Bringing the auto industry back to full production will return millions of people to work and help make our economy strong again.

I'm glad Larry Flynt is back as Publisher. I enjoy the way he takes the bull by the balls in addressing problems confronting the American people. I look forward to future Publisher's Statements.

—Jeffrey Canadeo
West Haven, Connecticut

GRAFFILTHY

When I was young
and had no sense,
I pissed on an
electric fence.
It shocked my dick
and shocked my balls
And made me shit
my coveralls.



Thanks and \$25 to J.H., Green Bay, WI

HUSTLER and Fantasy: While I realize that most people fantasize, a widely circulated magazine like HUSTLER should practice caution in the kind of sex fantasies it depicts in its pictorials.

Short of admission by the alleged rapists, there's no way to prove that the recent pool-table assault in New Bedford, Massachusetts, was influenced in any way by HUSTLER's January photo-set Dirty Pool. But there have been other cases in which the media was shown to motivate criminal behavior. It's one thing to fantasize a sexual encounter between consenting adults. It's quite another to suggest that a gang-rape is fun and even enjoyed by the victim.

No one is suggesting you cease publishing HUSTLER or eliminate the photo-fantasies—only that you portray less-violent sex, and feature instead couples or groups engaged in mutually pleasurable erotic activity.

—Fernando Valdivia
High Falls, New York

Neither our photo-sets nor anything else in HUSTLER is intended to promote antisocial behavior. Our fantasy-layouts are just that—fantasies. They don't "suggest" anything. But we also think it's far healthier to acknowledge human fantasies than to deny they even exist.

World News Roundup

2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054

In Santa Ana, California, a devil-worshiping escapee from a Montana mental hospital was convicted of beating his roommate to death and cutting off his head in an argument over some missing "Playboy" centerfolds. Police arrested Cody L. Schreiber, 29, after the body of Dennis Schubert, 24, was found in their backyard. Schubert's head was later found a quarter of a mile away. Apparently, Schreiber murdered Schubert after accusing him of cutting out the magazine centerfolds and hiding them.

A San Antonio, Texas, man was charged with aggravated assault after he ate part of his girlfriend's face. Armando Roland Rodriguez was arrested by a drive-in security guard after an argument between Rodriguez and his girlfriend, Diana Moya, ended with Rodriguez biting off Moya's cheek. Questioned by police as to the whereabouts of the girl's missing flesh, the suspect answered, "I ate it."

In Visalia, California, a Roman Catholic priest was found guilty of raping and sexually abusing retarded youngsters at the state hospital where he worked as a chaplain. Father Louis Aloysius Garcia was convicted by a Tulare County jury of rape, two counts of sodomy, oral copulation, attempted sodomy and two counts of lewd and lascivious acts with a child at the Porterville State Hospital. His attorney accused the victims of lying.

A woman who strangled her 15-year-old daughter because of a computer error has been acquitted of murder by a court in Dusseldorf, West Germany. A computer had erroneously identified the woman as having incurable syphilis. After being told that she had the illness and had passed it on to her daughter, the 54-year-old woman became so distraught that she killed the girl, then tried to commit suicide with a drug overdose. She got off because of "extenuating circumstances."

A 21-year-old Texas man has been sentenced to 50 years in prison for his role in a gang rape which reportedly gave the victim such a bad case of herpes that she can never bear children. Dewayne Andrae Spencer and two other men were found guilty of attacking and raping the woman at gunpoint, leaving her with a severe case of herpes. Doctors later found that all three men had the incurable disease.

In Rotherham, England, a 43-year-old crossing guard pleaded guilty to indecent assault after leading two 13-year-olds home to her bed. Lawyers for Christine Chappell, however, argued for leniency, pointing out that "both boys were willing partners."

A Nazi sympathizer who posed as a doctor and performed perverse, sadistic examinations on Latino women was convicted "in absentia" by a Los Angeles court after jumping bail. Alfons Wueschner, who had a picture of Adolf Hitler hanging in his living room, circulated through poor Latino communities, threatening to report illegal aliens unless they donated money to a bogus medical foundation. He performed numerous pelvic examinations in which he said he needed to arouse the women in order to take vaginal-fluid samples. Treating one woman for acne, he repeatedly injected her face with caustic acid, applied scathing hot towels to it, pinched her pimples with tweezers, then cut her face into a checkerboard design using a surgical knife. According to authorities, Wueschner may be in Canada.

A California man sentenced to six years in prison for the rape of his neighbor was freed on bail when it was learned he is impotent. Twenty-nine-year-old Joe Jerry Yrigoyen was granted a new trial after counselors at the California Institute for Men discovered he'd been unable to achieve erection since childhood because of a case of meningitis. In two separate trials, Yrigoyen's lawyer never raised the fact of his client's impotence.

After banging her head against a wall when she learned her boyfriend was leaving her, a blind girl in London, England, suddenly regained her sight. Yvonne Brown became upset when boyfriend Peter Rutherford walked out on her, claiming he couldn't cope with her blindness. In desperation, Brown smashed her head against a brick wall. Apparently, the blow was just what was needed, and the woman was able to see again for the first time in seven years. She called Rutherford with the good news, and the happy couple were immediately reconciled. 

I'D RATHER SWITCH THAN FIGHT



The match-up of Adam and Eve was history's first fight promotion. Black eyes and blue love songs have been part of the battle of the sexes ever since. But with a little help from HUSTLER, you can have something more fun in your groin than your partner's knee. For almost a decade we've been bringing couples closer together by encouraging an open, well-informed attitude



toward sex. HUSTLER readers have been educated by our *Advise & Consent* columns, liberated by our *Sex Play* columns, and titillated by *Kinky Korner* and our erotic pictorials of beautiful men and women who exhibit the limitless possibilities of loving. Turn on the "switch" and fight boredom in the bedroom by subscribing to HUSTLER today!

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Advise & Consent is a column that answers a wide range of reader-submitted questions on sexual hang-ups, physical and mental hygiene, personal safety, legal rights, etc. It is solely an educational feature and is not intended to replace the advice of a physician or attorney. If you have a question, address it to: HUSTLER, Advise & Consent Editor, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054.

Edited by Karen Thompson

Pregnancy Positions: I am seven months' pregnant, and my husband and I are still having sex. Lately, however, it has become uncomfortable for me. Is there a sexual position that is best for pregnant women? —R. L.

Los Angeles, California

You have two problems to overcome. For one, the increased size of your abdomen probably interferes with any sexual position in which your husband is on top. Also, your increased weight may make it difficult for you to assume the "superior" position. That's why the side-by-side, rear-entry posture is generally considered best for a woman in an advanced stage of pregnancy. In this position the couple lie on their sides facing the same direction, the man in back of the woman. His penis enters the vagina from behind. This position will allow your husband good control of his penetration. His hands will be free for manual stimulation, and you'll be comfortable as well.

VD of the Eye: I am a 26-year-old male who recently contracted herpes. Now I find that I have an eye infection that won't go away. Could there be a connection? —C. M.

Spokane, Washington

Yes. In fact, eye doctors are treating so many men and women for sexually transmitted eye diseases these days that they consider the problem to be at epidemic proportions.

Doctors have concluded that many of the diseases that affect the genitalia—such as herpes, gonorrhea and syphilis—can also affect the eyes. Your eyes can become infected when they are touched by a finger or hand that has come in contact with one of the genital infections. Symptoms of a sexually transmitted eye disease may include redness and itching of the eye, along with a pus discharge that occurs when the body's white blood cells gather to fight the infection.

Eye problems connected with gonorrhea and syphilis can generally be treated with antibiotics. The herpes virus affecting the eye can be treated with prescription ointments that contain adenine arabinoside and trifluorothymidine. But future outbreaks cannot be

prevented, since the virus is already in the body, and herpes, so far, is incurable. Because such infections can lead to permanently impaired vision, see an eye doctor immediately.

(For more information on research being done to find a herpes cure, see this month's Sex Play, "Genital Herpes: A Shot of Hope," beginning on page 31.)

Longer Foreplay: My girlfriend likes foreplay to last a long time. But usually I'm in the mood to get the preliminaries over with and get on with intercourse. Has it been proven that lots of foreplay helps women reach orgasm? —F. A.

Cleveland, Ohio

Absolutely! In fact, research shows that the most common reason women can't reach orgasm is insufficient arousal. Like your girlfriend, most women need at least ten to 15 minutes of attention to their erogenous zones (the breasts, neck, earlobes, etc.) in order to reach the stage where they're vaginally lubricated and ready to enjoy direct genital stimulation. After penetration, continued caressing of these erogenous zones can help many women have multiple orgasms. So take your time. Longer foreplay not only provides a woman with greater pleasure but also means she'll be more responsive to your sexual needs.

Headjob Fatigue: My husband loves for me to give him head, and I enjoy doing it. His favorite technique is when I wrap my lips around his cock very tightly and move up and down for a long time. The problem is, my jaw gets sore. Is there any way that I can avoid this without depriving my husband of any pleasure?

—R. Y.
Palms, California

You need to work out a routine that gives your jaw muscles a chance to rest while you continue to please your husband. You might try wrapping your fingers around the penis just in front of your lips, using your hand to apply the pressure as you give your mouth a temporary "time-out." While the penis head remains in your mouth, the shaft will be lubricated with saliva, which will let your fingers slide up and down easily. This should create much the same sensation as when your mouth was doing all the work.

Smoke After Sex: In lots of movies and books it seems like the classic thing people do after making love is light up a cigarette. My boyfriend nearly always does it too. I'm curious—why is smoking after sex such a popular habit? —D. G.

Prescott, Arizona



"Why am I crying? Just happy, I guess. You eat pussy just like my first husband!"

While it's hard to say for sure, there are several possible reasons. If your boyfriend's a heavy smoker, he probably needs a cigarette at least once every 30 minutes. If your lovemaking lasts that long, he may just be having his usual smoke. Another possibility is related to changes in body, urinary or blood-flow chemistry. These changes commonly occur during excitement, and they sometimes reduce nicotine concentrations in the body. This would make your boyfriend crave a cigarette after sex in order to replenish his body's nicotine level. Finally, many people simply find tobacco smoking especially pleasant when they are feeling relaxed and content.

Bear in mind, though, that cigarette smoking at any time is unhealthy. It might be better to stop concerning yourself with why your boyfriend smokes after sex, and start helping him quit the habit altogether.

Sex and Sleep: I've heard that having sex before falling asleep helps people to get a good night's sleep. Is there any truth to this?

—D. M.
Glendale, California

The belief that sex aids sleep arises from a common male reaction to orgasm: the immediate need some men have to close their eyes and rest. According to Dr. E. Michael Gutman, a Florida psychiatrist, this feeling of

drowsiness is a biochemical reaction to the release of hormones during orgasm. However, this sleepiness is only momentary and does not affect the quality of any sleep that might follow. In her book *What Every Woman Should Know About Men*, Dr. Joyce Brothers says this drowsiness can easily be resisted if a man so wishes. All it takes is 30 or 40 seconds of talking or sitting up in bed.

There's no scientific evidence supporting the belief that sex will help a person get a better night's sleep. The only study done so far on the connection between sex and the quality of sleep showed that couples who engaged in sex before falling asleep rested no better than couples who abstained.

Coffee and Pregnancy: My husband says I shouldn't drink coffee now that I'm pregnant. Is this sound advice?

—S. L.
Lisle, Illinois

Yes it is. Keep in mind that while you're pregnant, your diet is also the diet your unborn baby receives. A recent Canadian study showed that a woman who drinks coffee during pregnancy can subject the baby to harmful doses of caffeine.

According to Drs. William Parsons and Jean Guy Pelletier of Lachine General Hospital in Lachine, Quebec, a woman who is pregnant takes up to three times longer than

normal to get rid of the caffeine in her bloodstream. (Although doctors aren't sure why this is so, they think it's related to a rise in the pregnant woman's hormone level.)

These high caffeine levels will be absorbed by the unborn infant. The infant whose mother is a heavy coffee drinker could experience an overdose of caffeine, resulting in insomnia, restlessness and poor circulation. Even "normal" amounts of caffeine (say, a cup or two of coffee per day) can result in headache, fatigue, nervousness and stomach disorders—for you both.

As a rule of thumb, it's a good idea for a pregnant woman to restrict or discontinue eating or drinking anything that could prove harmful for the child. When in doubt, consult your physician.

Seven-Day Erection: My wife said that she heard about a guy who had a hard-on for a whole week. Is a man physically capable of staying hard for that long?

—M. H.
Washington, D.C.

Yes. The man was probably suffering from something called priapism, which, simply put, is a hard-on that won't quit. At first it may sound like a blessing, but priapism is usually a symptom of a serious disease, such as leukemia or sickle-cell anemia, and it can be very painful. The victim often tries to get rid of the problem with repeated acts of intercourse or masturbation, but that doesn't work.

With priapism, the increased blood flow that causes the erection is unable to leave the penis in the normal way, because the disorder causes the release mechanism to malfunction. In most cases a surgeon must make an incision in the penis to release the blood trapped in the organ.

Shorter Man/Smaller Cock? I am a short man, and I was wondering if it is true that bigger guys have bigger cocks than us little guys. I know it's an old question, but I've never heard a reliable answer.

—L. B.
Lantana, Florida

According to Dr. Saul Boyarsky, a professor at Washington University School of Medicine in St. Louis, Missouri, the size of a soft penis may indeed be in keeping with the size of its owner. The change in length and width of a cock during erection depends on a person's circulatory system, emotional state, body temperature and whatever external influences are taking place.

Boyarsky says that most men's penises are about the same size during erection. Although they do vary somewhat in length and width, their potency, fertility, and ability to provide sexual excitement and enjoyment are not related to size.



"Y'know, Miss Clark, they say there's lots of protein in semen!"

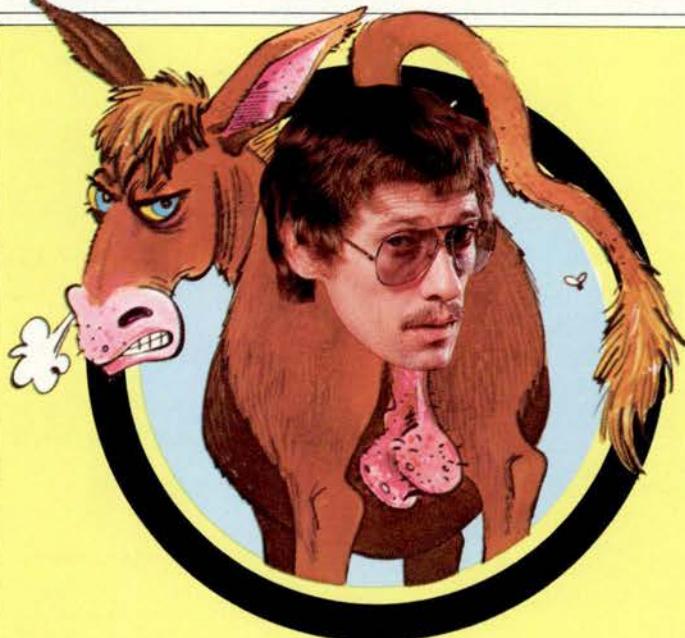
Bits & Pieces

Some people get away with murder. Literally. But if that's not enough to qualify them for Asshole of the Month, how about someone who gets involved with a multiple murder, a near-fatal beating, a robbery? And then—to put the icing on the cake—he dares to play the role of hero and martyr? That's exactly what this month's winner of our Asshole award has done. And that's what he continues to do. Ladies and gentlemen, we give you John Holmes, HUSTLER's July Asshole of the Month.

Remember the headlines? PORNO PERSONALITY SOUGHT IN MURDER OF FOUR, screamed the nation's dailies. At first, the Los Angeles police would only say that Holmes was wanted as a material witness. Essentially, this means he was believed to have had information that might lead to the arrest of the killers. In fact, this proved to be true, as was revealed during Holmes's trial. And why shouldn't he have had information? It was Holmes, after all, who—by his own admission—had led the killers to the victims' house on that fateful night. It had been an earlier robbery—set up by Holmes—that provoked the murders in retaliation.

According to court testimony and published reports, Holmes became involved with victims Joy Miller, William Deverell, Ron Launius and Barbara Richardson, and survivors David Lind and Susan Launius, because of his increasing interest in and dependence on cocaine. When the coke abuse started to affect the "legendary" porn star's ability to perform in sex films, the freakishly endowed Holmes turned to delivering drugs for big-time dealers as a way of supporting a \$1,000-a-day habit.

But evidently this wasn't enough to keep Holmes happy. So, according to evidence, the man who achieved fame and fortune by virtue of his 13-inch cock decided to set up a disre-



ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

John Holmes

utable and questionable businessman, Adel Nasrallah (a/k/a Eddie Nash), for a robbery. It netted the group around \$10,000 in cash, jewelry, guns and drugs. David Lind, who had the good fortune of being out of town the day of the murders, claims that Holmes himself was, in effect, the moving spirit behind the robbery.

Well, apparently Eddie Nash was no one to fuck with (as any asshole should have known—even Holmes). According to the seedy sex star's own testimony, only two days later a couple of masked gunmen forced Holmes to take them to the victims' Laurel Canyon residence on the night of the murders. There is strong evidence that Nash

was behind this, just as there is evidence that Holmes was actually present during the brutal bludgeoning murders. In fact, prosecuting attorney Ron Coen contends it was Holmes himself who beat Ron Launius to death. What is known for certain is that four people died that night (Deverell, Miller, Launius and Richardson). Susan Launius miraculously survived the beating despite a caved-in skull that left her left leg paralyzed.

So what are we to make of all this? Well, for starters, we think John Curtis Holmes is a lowlife creep who has no concept of ethics or morality. The record shows that he associated with seamy characters, that he let

drugs dominate and dictate the terms of his life, that he is stupid beyond belief and that he is totally devoid of any sense of shame or responsibility.

Sure, we can understand anyone being frightened enough to name names when threatened at gunpoint. But we can't understand the moral depravity that led to such a situation in the first place. Nor can we understand the lack of human compassion Holmes has shown since that horror-filled night. Whether Holmes masterminded the original robbery or not, the bottom line is that he helped set in motion events that led to the murders of four people, people he betrayed in a bargain to save his own worthless flesh. Yet he shows no sign of contrition. Instead, the talentless egotist walks around like a pompous Sir Laurence Olivier of porn.

Let's call a spade a spade. The only reason any of us ever heard of Holmes—before the murders—was because he is a curious freak of nature. Lacking in talent as an actor, he naturally gravitated to porn films, where his absurdly huge penis could earn him a buck.

No, there's not a lot of glamour in being a sex star. Nor a drug addict. Nor a squealer. Nor a turncoat. Nor an instrument for the crime of murder. What we see instead is a shallow egomaniac without a belief system that doesn't start with the word *I* and end with the word *Me*.

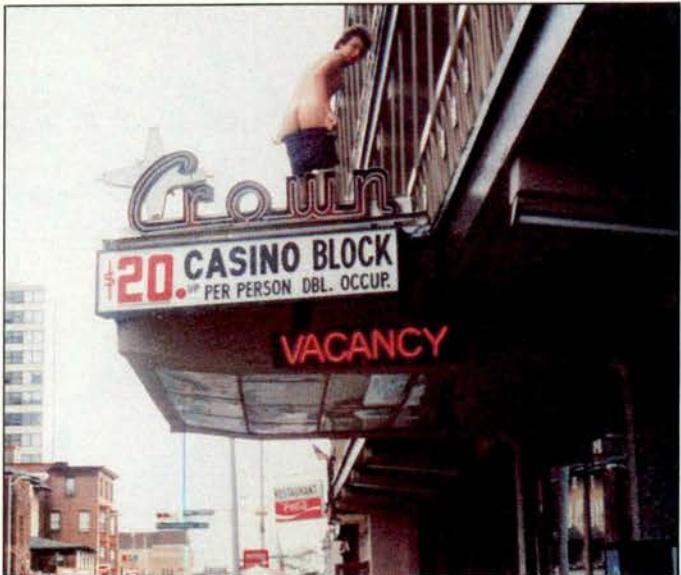
"Totally irresponsible" are the words used by his ex-girlfriend Julia St. Vincent. We buy that. But it should be added that his irresponsibility has taken its toll on others.

Sex-oriented entertainment has enough problems with unfair accusations from porno haters without having to put up with the likes of this creep. John Holmes deserves to be Asshole of the Month because he sets the worst-possible example of a symbol of the adult-entertainment industry.

Moon Over Atlantic City

When one of our readers goes through all this trouble just to get his ass in HUSTLER, we have to respond.

But what is this Atlantic City, New Jersey, flasher trying to tell us? Is he moonlighting as a sign for one of the hotels? Or did he just lose everything in the casino? A lot of people lose their pants in Atlantic City, but this particular gambler's way of showing his dwindling assets really takes the beefcake. Listen, pal, put it away. We've seen dealers before.

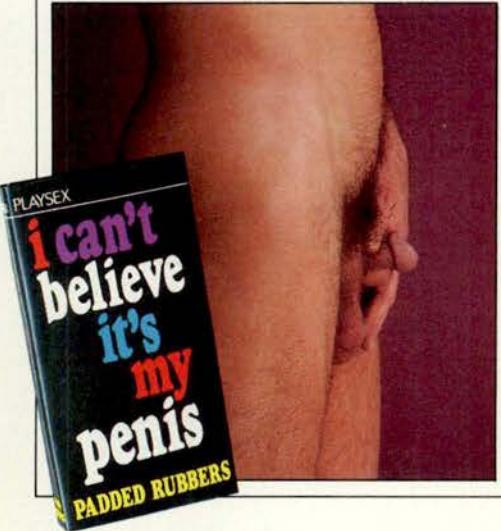


"Let's play post office!"



"Send me \$10 and I'll mail you my hottest orgasm. Enclose \$5 extra if you want me to lick the stamp."

GENITAL EXPRESS



Stop Signs

Next time someone asks, "What's your sign?" hand him one of these. They're real 10" X 10" signs from the Figi Giftware Company of San Diego, California, and they cover all those activities you could never find a STOP sign for. From top to bottom, these three are: NO BULLSHIT, NO FOOLING AROUND ON COMPANY TIME and our favorite, NO HANGING AROUND. Wonder what NO ASSHOLES ALLOWED would look like?



A Fuller, Firmer Look

It's about time guys had a little extra padding up front where it counts. For centuries women have been padding their hips, breasts and other parts of their bodies so they'd appear a little bigger and firmer than they really are. The only pads men have had are the ones they've had to give up when they lose their bachelorhood. A product like the one we've created is perfect for guys who want to rise above the occasion. It's good not only for the goose but for the gander too.

The Love Bomb. One-way to Moscow.



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Not all cruises have to be leisurely. There's no reason why

folks who've waited a lifetime to take that trip around the world should be disappoint-

ed if World War III breaks out. A one-way ticket on a Princess Cruise Missile would be the answer to their dreams . . . the fi-

nal answer. Princess Cruises may never offer this tour package, but we suspect it'd take off like a shot. Happy landings.

Eroticise



Kitten Works Out

Jane Fonda looks like Richard Simmons compared to this new contender in the exercise-video field. She's Kitten Natividad, a former Miss Nude Universe (Earth wasn't big enough) and an actress who's appeared in such films as *Best Little Whorehouse in Texas* and *Airplane II*. Her upcoming workout cassette, *Eroticise*, is called "the most uninhibited exercise session ever filmed." We want to know how she gets back up after touching her toes.



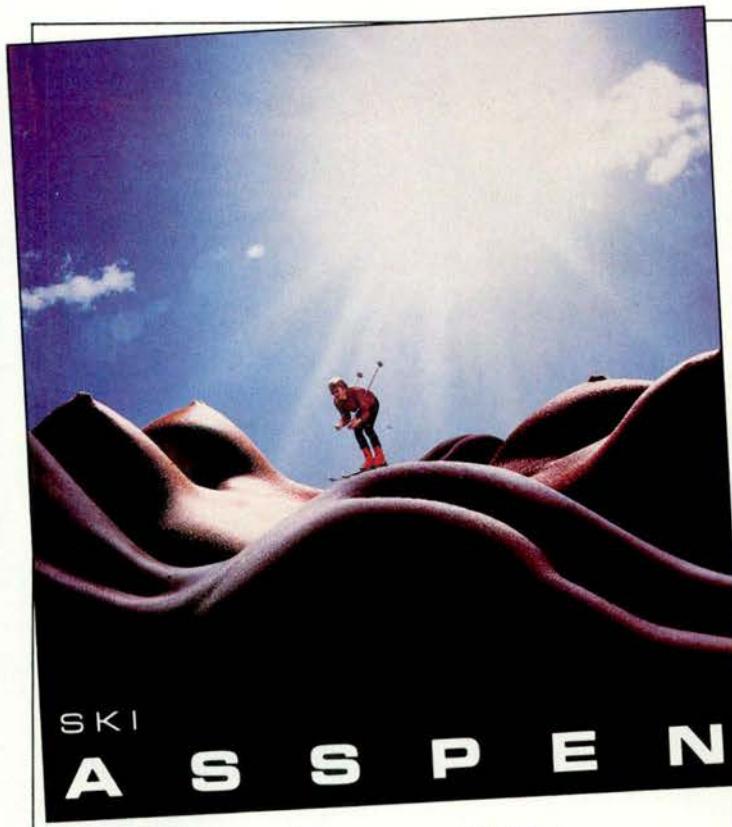
Grand Opening

About to blow your wad in the bathroom because it's late and there's no place open to take your investment?

Wait! Don't toss a good deposit down the drain just because you couldn't get off during banking hours. As soon as the nation's sperm banks learn

about our night box suggestion, these nifty receptacles should be

opening up all across the country. Then depositors will be able to do their sperm banking whenever the mood strikes . . . unless the machine gets a headache. But at least you don't have to take it out for an expensive dinner first. That's a load off your mind, huh?



SKI A S S P E N

Ski Your Buns Off!

Skiing is just like sex; you know where to plant your pole, and there's always plenty of white stuff. But we've never seen hills like the ones in this poster from Paper Lions Inc. (6311 De Soto

Ave., Woodland Hills, CA 91367). Seems like you could break a leg on a cold day just by bumping into a hard nipple. The poster is available at gift shops across the U.S.



A Big Target

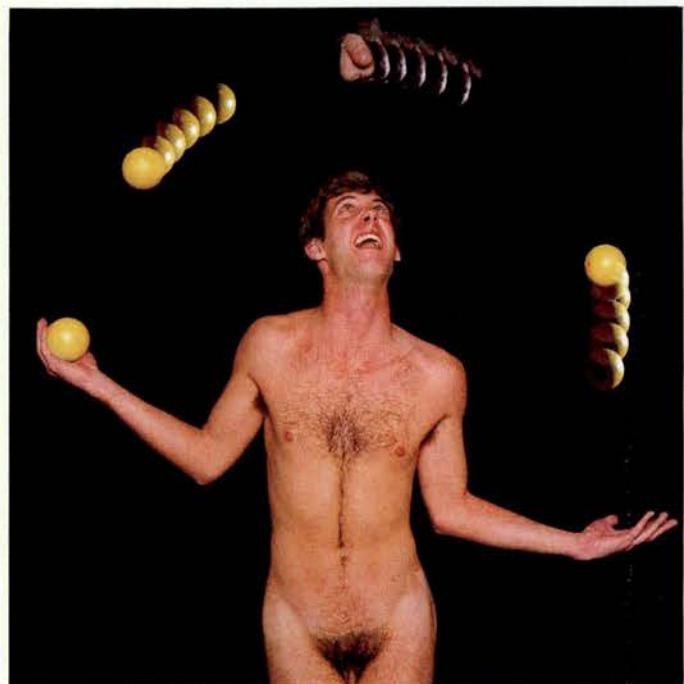
Not long ago we ran some photos of Britain's Princess Anne picking the royal honker. Now we find it runs in the family. This candid shot—beautifully captured by the German newsmagazine *Stern*—shows Lady Di's hubby Charlie putting his best finger forward. *Stern*, always anxious to show the human side of famous figures, may have caught Charles picking a name for his newborn son. But Little Booger just won't do for the future King of England.

Don't Try This Stunt at Home

Every once in a while a danger comes to our attention that's so much a threat to the public's

health, we simply must speak out. That's why *HUSTLER* is taking this opportunity to warn its readers: Don't juggle in the nude!

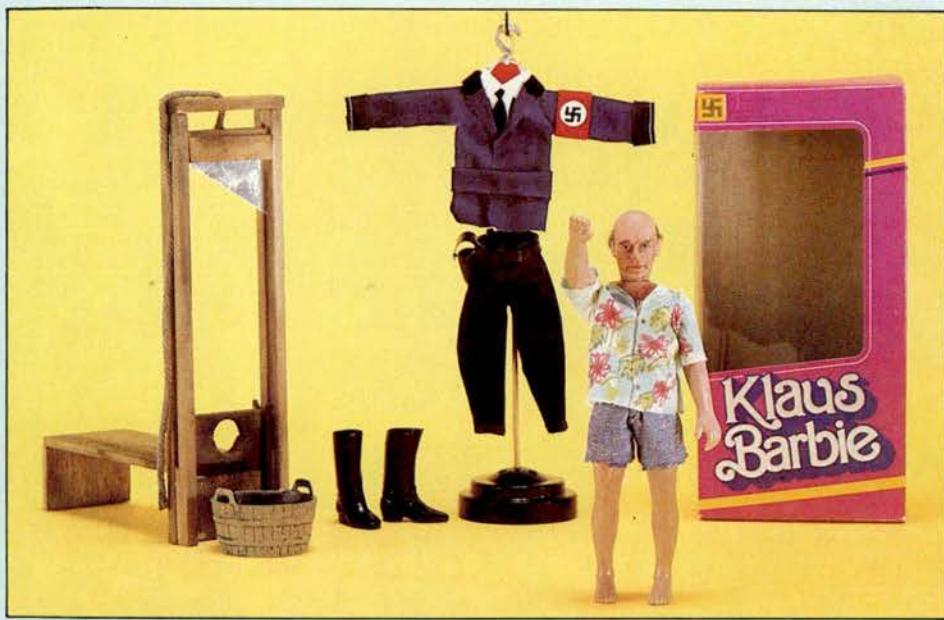
You never know when you'll grab the wrong balls and spend the rest of your days singing soprano. Please remember... the sex life you save may just be your own.



Barbie Doll

You've read all about the Butcher of Lyons, how he led the Nazi forces in the vicious occupation of France and how he ordered the murder of thousands of Jews and French resistance fighters. Shouldn't he be allowed to play with your kids? Of course he should—as a Barbie doll!

He could be Barbie's long-lost (in the jungles of Paraguay) Uncle Klaus. Barbie is blond, isn't she? And it is coincidental that none of her friends have a big nose or a name like Moishe or Sol, isn't it? Of course, it's circumstantial evidence, but we don't see how Mattel can avoid making a doll out of the recently captured Nazi. He could come with a Gestapo uniform and a working guillotine—just like the one Frenchmen would like to use on the real Barbie! And if this is a big hit, could a Simon Wiesenthal doll be far behind?



I.T. as A.R.T.

Don't let anyone tell you that HUSTLER readers don't have good taste.

Perhaps an occasional piece of sculpture by Auguste Rodin or a mobile by Alexander Calder might slip past them... but a glazed ceramic E.T. with a dick? No way.

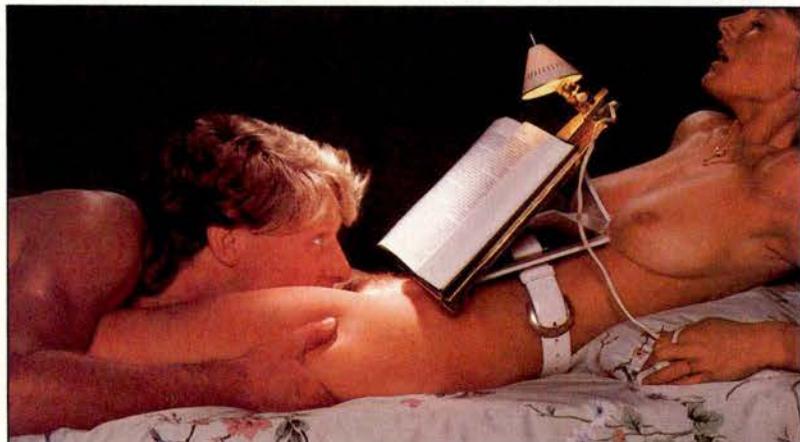
The proud connoisseur who owns this majestic work of art sent HUSTLER a photograph so that all our readers could enjoy its delicate lines, its expressive face—and, of course, its dick. Thanks.



Eat 'n' Read

Is your woman a "tongue depressor"? In other words, do you get depressed every time you use your tongue because she takes too long to climax?

Well, you can pass those boring hours more quickly. Just hook up a belt to a bookstand and a reading light, and you can read while you eat. Besides, what a convenient place for moistening your fingers to turn the page.

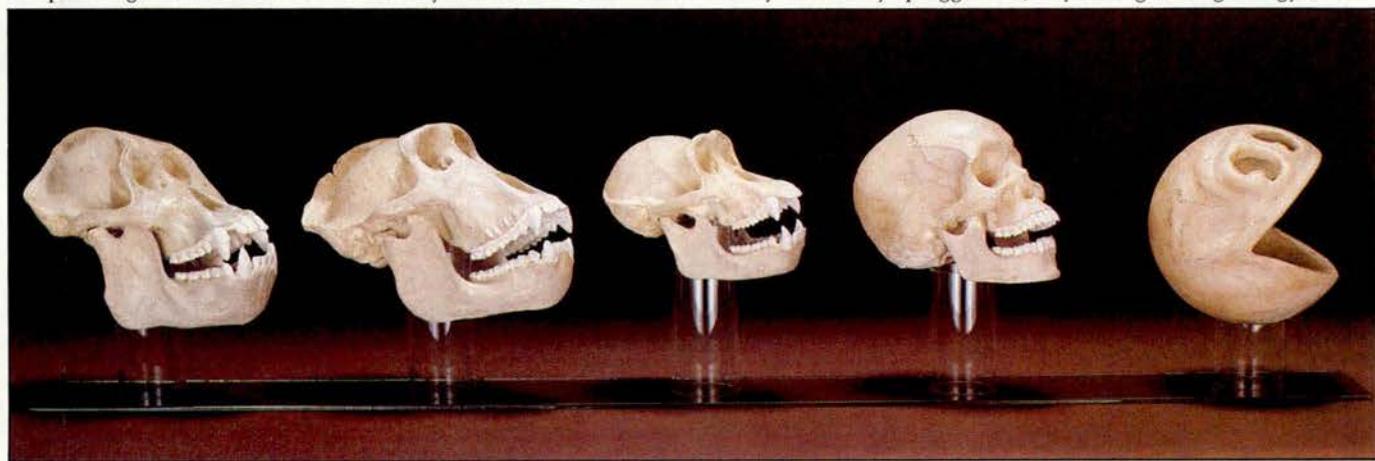


A Head of Our Time

Darwin didn't figure on the computer age when he developed his theory of evolution. We may have descended from

Neanderthal Man and Cro-Magnon Man, but we're headed toward Pac-Man. How long until society is totally plugged in,

turned on and blipped out—a mass of blithering vidiots? Think about that the next time you're gobbling energy dots.





Shocking Cure

There's more than one way to use tampons to stop drippiness. According to Soviet physician Yury Mironenko, you can cure a head cold by conducting an electric current through tampons soaked in a silver solution.

Of course, this means carrying a battery and sticking the tampons up your nose. The Russian doctor seriously believes this process "oppresses the activity" of viruses. Will the Reds try sticking these up the asses of dissident Polish workers to clear out Poland's clogged economy?

Copyright © Rockshots and Gary Johnson



Born to Get Old

This photo of the old gang proves that violence is ageless. Those expressions are as mean as they were 50 years ago. Only the bizarre think tank at Rockshots (51 W. 21st St., New York, NY 10010) could provide card

shops across America with such a hilariously tasteless look at senior hoodlums as this one.

Think all old ladies just do needlepoint? These ass-kickers would rather fight than stitch. And that's just what the card says inside.



Mud Beds

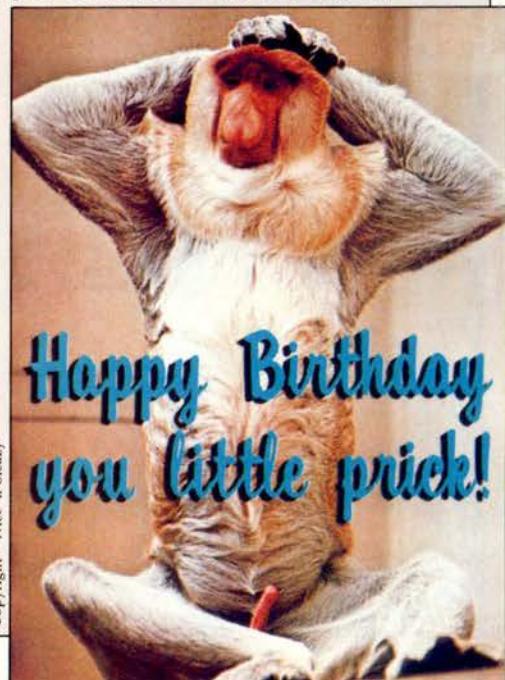
Waterbeds are out. Mud wrestling is in. So now you can bring the sensuous slosh of mud sex into the privacy of your bedroom with a mud bed! All you have to do

is slit open that outdated waterbed and add some dirt.

If you and your partner have a tendency to fight in the sack, this is the perfect way to make that mud-slinging enhance your sex life.

Not Much

With that nose, you don't *need* a big dick. If you're into insulting your friends, this nasty card from Nice 'n Sleazy (1560 Broadway, Suite 807, New York, NY 10036) is a good choice. And the new trend in abusive greetings makes good business sense. You've only been buying cards for loved ones, right? *Enemies* is a whole new market.



Copyright © Nice 'n Sleazy



HUSTLER Update

CONTAMINATED FOODS

March '82



HUSTLER's in-depth investigative article—which exposed inadequate federal regulations as well as food-industry violations—included a warning that every day, somewhere in America, someone eats a piece of meat containing a potentially hazardous chemical. Now the federal Food and Drug Administration has confirmed that as many as 500 to 600 toxic chemicals may be present in the nation's meat supply—some of them capable of causing serious health problems, including cancer, birth defects and mutations. But shockingly, only 60 of these recognized contaminants are monitored by the government, which essentially avoids the issue by citing lack of funds and effective testing methods in addition to numerous, conflicting opinions about the possible hazards.

He Died for Your Lunch

True story: Maria Rubio was making lunch for her husband in their Lake Arthur, New Mexico, home when the face of Christ appeared on a *tortilla*—which hangs proudly on the Rubios' living-room wall.

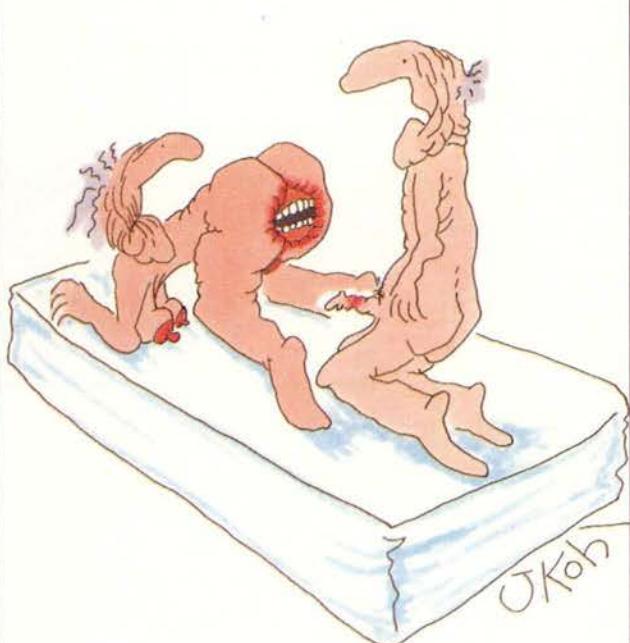
Since that amazing incident happened—more than five years ago—no fewer than

10,000 Christians and just-plain-curious tourists have made pilgrimages to the New Mexico home to see the tortilla—which hangs proudly on the Rubios' living-room wall.

But the Rubios are missing the point. This miraculous event could be the greatest ce-

lebrity endorsement of all time—even better than Bill Cosby! Think of the potential profits on a line of taco shells emblazoned with the image of Christ. They could come in flour, corn or holy wafer. We're even helping get this product off the ground with our version above, which we're sure would go faster than hot cakes. Onward Christian tacos.

Most Tasteless Cartoon



"You swallowed your dentures again!"



Topless?

Is this California sign an anti-female statement, or are outraged ladies who see it losing their heads over this humorous eye-catcher for nothing? Thanks to the reader who sent this shot, we can let you decide for yourselves. If you happen to dine at this eatery, skip the tongue sandwich.

SUICIDE

December '82



Since we reported that 13 teenagers per day were among the 100,000 Americans who commit suicide annually, the number of young people who attempt to kill themselves has risen dramatically. A recent study conducted at Harvard University indicates that an estimated 1,000 teenagers a day attempt suicide, and 6,500 a year succeed—more than 100 per week. Reasons for the increase include rising divorce rates, past history of family violence—particularly child abuse—and despair over financial concerns in a world plagued by recession.

Contributors

HUSTLER pays \$150 for Bits & Pieces items (or \$50 if two or more submissions

are used in one B&P item). Larry Flynt Publications retains all rights to any material submitted, but we'll return any rejected material and original artwork (not including photos) on request if an SASE is enclosed. For July, \$150 goes to R. H. Gould and D. Neyman.

John Holmes Offers...

HOPE FOR SMALL MEN

The Incredible John Holmes Super Pump Has Helped Thousands Of Men To Overcome The Problems And Insecurities Of A Penis That Is Too Small!

Our Annie knows men! She understands the complex problems "small" men can have, especially when they're about to perform with a woman.

Annie recommends the fabulous John Holmes Super Pump. Why? Let Annie tell you, in her own way, in this frankly fictitious interview with porn's incredible Mr. Stud. This dramatization shows an answer you may have been searching for.

Annie: Mr. Stud, I've seen quite a few of your better films and I've got to admit you've turned me on many times. You always look so confident, so sure of yourself with women. Did you always have that masterful touch?

Mr. Stud: Actually, no, Annie. I know a lot of people are going to be surprised by this, but before I got into films, I was terribly insecure about myself. I was awkward and worried about all sorts of things. Mostly, I just scared myself into feelings of rejection.

Annie: What did you do? How did you overcome it?

Mr. Stud: I was very lucky. I met a warm loving woman who wasn't afraid to go to bed with me—in spite of my size. I know it sounds ridiculous, but being too big has its own handicaps. I used to think I'd hurt a woman, and it made me gun-shy, so to speak. But I can really understand a guy who feels he's too small to please a woman.

Annie: I think I know what you mean. I really do. I know I prefer a man who's got a good technique in bed. That counts for a lot. But if I had to choose between two men who were both terrific lovers, I have to admit I'd go for the one with a bigger penis first. It's just a natural female preference.

Mr. Stud: I've heard it both ways, Annie. That size doesn't mean as much as technique, and that size is the only thing that matters. Does bigger really mean better?

Annie: Speaking for myself, definitely yes! I enjoy looking at a big penis, fondling it and holding it. And when I'm making love, the feeling of really being filled completely is what gets me off every time!

Mr. Stud: That's great, Annie, if you're with a guy who's well hung like—well, like me. Or even with a lover who's amply endowed. But what about the guy who's undersized and who may feel somewhat inadequate? He needs some loving, too.

BREAKTHROUGH

Annie: Fortunately there is something for the man with a small penis. It was developed in England by a doctor, just to solve this problem. Medical science is skeptical, but already there is a study published by a prominent doctor that shows that the penis can be made larger. Actually longer and thicker!

Mr. Stud: If what you say is true, Annie, then there is real hope for the man who feels he is too small. What is this device or method?

THE JOHN HOLMES SUPER PUMP

Annie: Quite simply, John, it's a personal suction device. Just follow the instructions and it's safe and simple to use. The penis fits inside, and you can see what's happening through the transparent sheath. I've seen it in use, and the results seemed amazing!



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EROTIC FILMS

Edited by Rodger Claire

Millions of adults watch X-rated movies; yet most publications have constantly ignored the obvious need to inform the public as to which films are ripoffs and which aren't. HUSTLER's reviews of hard-core erotic films have long been regarded as the yardstick of the industry. We take this function seriously, and we'll continue to keep you abreast of the latest adult-film releases, and also do our best to spur porn producers on to better productions.

In Love

Fully Erect. Produced and directed by Chuck Vincent; written by Chuck Vincent and Rick Marx; starring Jerry Butler, Kelly Nichols, Jack Wrangler, Tish Ambrose, Michael Knight, Joanna Storm, Samantha Fox, Michael Bruce, Susan Nero and Veronica Hart. Running time: 100 minutes.

In Love is a porn epic. It may not have the "cast of thousands" or have been "ten years in the making," but this love story that spans two decades and a continent is the kind of ambitious, competent filmmaking you rarely see on the X-rated screen.

The story is quite simple. Two young people (Kelly Nichols and Jerry Butler) meet and fall in love during one magical weekend in Florida in the summer of 1962. They part because he is already married, and they accept the fact that their rela-



Kelly Nichols and Jerry Butler prove love conquers all in the epic 'In Love.'

tionship can never work. It takes them 20 years of marriage and divorce and success and failure to finally find one another again.

But the film is more than just a love story. As it follows the two lovers forging their separate ways through the turbulent '60s, the disillusioning '70s and into the money-hungry '80s, we see reflected in their personal changes the recent history of our country.

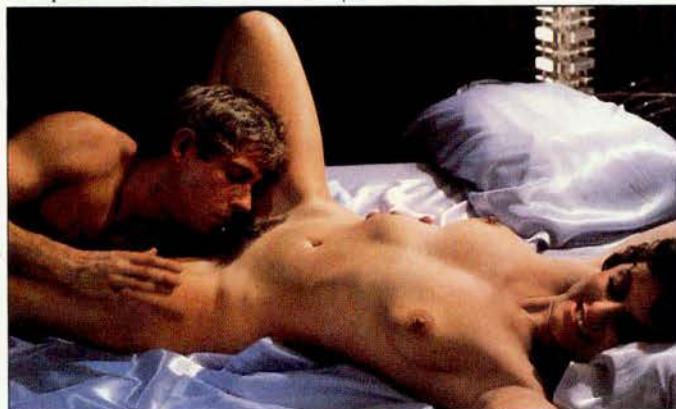
Nichols travels to the West

Coast and becomes involved in the "Beat" movement. Between coffeehouses and poetry readings, she gets it on with a tone-deaf, bearded guitar player (Michael Knight) but dumps the guy after catching him in the sack with her sexy girlfriend (Tish Ambrose). When we see Nichols next, it's five years later, and she's picking grapes and dropping acid in

This hard-on rating guide is based on a quality-for-your-money formula. However, since many X-rated films are censored to conform to "local community standards," the movies we review here might not be exactly the version you see. Therefore we suggest you check with your theater to make sure that you are getting the real thing.

RATING GUIDE

	FULLY ERECT Superior. A top production that delivers fullest satisfaction.
	THREE-QUARTERS ERECT Good. A well-made film that's guaranteed to please.
	HALF ERECT So-so. This may get you off, but its appeal is limited.
	ONE-QUARTER ERECT Poor. Don't expect much, and you won't be disappointed.
	TOTALLY LIMP A waste of time and money. Avoid this one at all costs.



'In Love': Jack Wrangler does his level best to make Nichols love him.

California's Mendocino County. Eventually, she writes a best-seller and marries a producer (Jack Wrangler) she doesn't really love.

Meanwhile, Butler fucks his way to the top of a fast-food conglomerate in New York City. His plans go awry when his wife (Veronica Hart), who's also the boss's daughter, finds him with Samantha Fox and has Daddy fire him. After hitting the skids, he puts together another restaurant deal, and by the '70s he's the toast of the city's jet set.

But Butler, like Nichols, recognizes that his success and his life are meaningless without someone to share it with. His quest for a partner takes years, and he finally hits paydirt when he sees a picture of his old flame on the back of one of her books. The two at long last are reunited in an emotional if not over-dramatic finale.

Throughout it all, director Vincent keeps a nice eye for detail. From the classic 1962 Fords and duck-tails of the early '60s to the beads and lace of the hippie movement and the polyester and gold chains of the '70s, he matches the fashion trends, hairstyles and fads to the times.

The sex in this film comes in all shapes and sizes. It varies from the romantically erotic encounters between Nichols and Butler to the hot-and-heavy psychedelic sex with Nichols and her guru.

Like most porn productions, *In Love* has its rough spots. Still, it's refreshing to see an intelligent, sensitive and sexy movie.

—R. C.

Touch of Blue

Three-Quarters Erect. Produced by William Dancer; directed by Joanna Williams; written by Joanna Williams and William Dancer; starring Eric Edwards, Kathleen Kristel, Herschel Savage, Shirley Duke, Chris Petersen, Barbara Klouds, Bill Buck, Jack Blake and Carl Lincoln. Running time: 82 minutes.

Ever wonder what's *really* going on behind the shy smiles of spry, young schoolgirls? Well, according to the makers of *Touch of Blue* (released in the East as *Little Girls Blue II*), it's not much different from what's on the minds of freckle-faced, horny, young schoolboys. The film is a lighthearted peek into the sexy subconscious of a group of girls away at summer



'Touch of Blue': Shirley Duke loses her virginity in an erotic fantasy.

camp—kind of a *Meatballs* from the girls' point of view.

The movie follows the sexual initiation of four friends (Kathleen Kristel, Shirley Duke, Chris Petersen and Barbara Klouds) as they surrender their virginity during the first summer following high-school graduation. In an innovative technique the film explores the sexual tensions of naive Miriam (Shirley Duke), using a series of surreal sequences that reveal her secret fantasies. These scenes add a steamy sensuality to an already-active story, which has nymphets Kristel and Klouds taking on a local high-school football team one by one.

Unlike many adult films that often portray promiscuous



A camp of schoolgirls supplies plenty of sexy situations in 'Touch of Blue.'

schoolgirls with ladies who look like they just graduated from middle age, *Touch of Blue* offers a busload of beautiful, young newcomers who look as fresh and innocent as the characters they play.

Stunning, green-eyed Duke has an unspoiled sexuality that is both wholesome and naughty. When she finally gives up her cherry to a camp counselor (Bill Buck), her climactic thrashing and moaning could make you think you're witnessing a *real* loss of maidenhead. And Chris Petersen plays to everyman's wet dream as she shyly yields to Eric Edwards's experienced hands in order to learn what sex is all about. Too bad Edwards is a little wooden during his sex scenes; at times he's like a doctor with a flashlight.

The only real problem with the film is the script, which could easily have been written by one of the kids it portrays. The actresses give you a feeling of real-life girls, but the dialogue is as stiff and phony as a sophomore play.

All in all, *Touch of Blue* is a lot like summer camp itself—a bit immature but an awful lot of fun.

—R. C.

Little Girls Lost

Half Erect. Produced by Pierre Balakoff; directed and written by Ted Roter; starring Tigr, Veronica Hart, John Leslie, Eric Edwards, Gena Lee, John Hollyfield, Ron Jeremy, Jennifer West, William Margold, Monique Faberge, Hillary Scott, Shawn Michele and Lilli Diamond. Running time: 96 minutes.

At first glance, *Little Girls*

up your skirt and lie back on the casting couch.

The story follows the trials and tribulations of three aspiring actresses (Hart, Tigr and Gena Lee) who meet and become friends in an acting workshop run by Eric Edwards. In no time at all, however, the girls lose their flush of innocence to the jaded, cynical world of agents and producers who behave more like pimps than professionals.

Hart gets more than her eyes opened when her agent sends her out to a horny commercial photographer (Ron Jeremy). While shooting, he slips her a mickey and then takes her half-conscious into a bedroom, where he fucks her every way but upside down. Over his bed, in case we don't get the message, is a sign that says, ART PROSTITUTE. Meanwhile, Tigr is sent out to a casting agent who, in the middle of the interview, pulls out his cock and starts masturbating.

Lee, who'll do anything to make it, finally fucks her way into a live-in relationship with a sleazo director (John Hollyfield). Hollyfield turns out to be a sadistic bastard who reduces Lee to a whining sex zombie. In one improbable scene, Hollyfield jumps up during a private party, points to his zipper and yells, "Suck it!" Lee, who for reasons unexplained has become the guy's mindless slave, drops obediently to her knees and begins slurping on his cock.

The film is chock-full of equally unbelievable scenes, which causes the movie to come off more like a morality play



'Little Girls Lost': Ron Jeremy takes time out for some double-dipping.



Eric Edwards holds a special workshop for two aspiring actresses in 'Lost.'

than real drama. And the stars are a little too old to be convincing as naive Hollywood hopefuls. Lee, who looks more like an old spinster than a hot young actress, immediately comes to mind. If her eyes were any farther apart, she could see behind her without turning her head.

The "little girls" aren't, the only thing lost in this production. Somewhere along the way, they also misplaced a potentially good movie.

—R. C.

Body Talk

One-Quarter Erect. Produced by Robert Holcomb; directed by Pedie Sweet; written by Avon Coe and Art Lester; starring Angelique, Kay Parker, Steven Tyler, Randy West, Morgan Upton, Billy Comas, Billy Dee, Don Hart, Michael Devon and Ruth Morrell. Running time: 82 minutes.

Despite the worthy attempt of the producers to make a meaningful and sentimental love story about the doomed relationship of a young boy and an older woman, *Body Talk* tends to play like a sex soap opera for middle-age housewives. There's certainly not much interest for men, unless you have a mother fixation or a fetish for elderly women. There's barely a lady in this film who doesn't look like she was born before Pearl Harbor.

One of the major problems with *Body Talk* is that there's absolutely no variety. Only two women have sex scenes in the entire film. One of them is An-

gelique, who's got all the looks and appeal of an over-the-hill cocktail waitress. The other is Kay Parker, who's practically become the First Lady of Porn. She's at her spry and lovable best once again, but she's not enough to carry the film alone. That would be a tall order for anyone.

The melodramatic plot is a tearjerker right out of daytime television. Angelique plays the mistress of a rich businessman who can't get it up and who likes to watch her fuck young studs half her age. Predictably, the worldly mistress falls in love with an eager young student (Steve Tyler). They move in together but soon fall on hard times. Tyler is disowned by his wealthy parents, who think he should be with a younger woman (they're the only ones in

this movie with the right idea), and so Angelique sells all of her jewelry to keep young Tyler in school.

When she learns she's dying of cancer, Angelique refuses to tell Tyler. Sacrificing her love for the boy, she breaks off the relationship and sends him back to his folks.

The sex isn't much more erotic than the plot. Most of it involves Angelique in some pretty standard boy/girl stuff with younger guys. The women really get the best of this one. There are a couple of scenes between Parker and Randy West that aren't too bad, but let's face it: Between the cancer and the old age and the pedestrian sex, the thrill is gone.

As TV melodrama, *Body Talk* has the germ of a good



'Body Talk': Steven Tyler and Angelique share a doomed romance.

idea, but as hard-core porn, it's terminally lacking in the sex department.

—R. C.



Buxom Angelique has enough for two good men in the film 'Body Talk.'

ON THE CIRCUIT

This column lists and rates erotic films reviewed in past issues of HUSTLER. The films named below may currently be showing at a theater in your neighborhood, or available on videocassettes.

Fully Erect

All American Girls
Debbie Does Dallas II
Doing It
Indecent Exposure
Irresistible
Memphis Cat House Blues
Scoundrels
Society Affairs
Talk Dirty to Me, Part II
Wanda Whips Wall Street

Three-Quarters Erect

Body Magic
I Like to Watch
Intimate Lessons
Mascara
Midnight Heat
Purely Physical
Satisfactions
Taboo II
The Widespread Scandals of Lydia Lace
Titillation
Up 'n' Coming

Half Erect

Liquid Assets
Nightlife
N-U-R-S-E-S of the 407
Oui, Girls
Sorority Sweethearts
The Blonde Next Door
The Tiffany Minx
Trash
Undercovers
White Heat

One-Quarter Erect

Anytime . . . Anyplace
Blue Jeans
Foreplay
Fox Holes
Peep Holes
The Cosmopolitan Girl
The Mistress

Totally Limp

Little Orphan Dusty, Part II
Starlet Nights
The Seductress

BOOKS

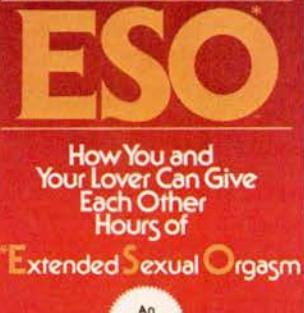
Reviewed by
Theodore Sturgeon

ESO

By Alan P. Brauer, M.D., and
Donna Brauer; Warner Books Inc.,
666 Fifth Ave., New York, NY
10103; \$13.50.

In their study of sexual response, sexologists Masters and Johnson pinned the name *status orgasm* on that rare form of climax in women that lasts an *entire minute*. Most orgasms, they said, lasted an average of 20 seconds. A full minute

*The New Promise of Pleasure
for Couples in Love*



seemed incredible. But look out. Here comes a new wave of research asserting that it's possible for women to attain orgasms of 30 minutes or even longer! That's what *ESO* stands for: extended sexual orgasm.

Authors Alan and Donna Brauer have put the results of their years of research into this startling book, whose complete title is *How You and Your Lover Can Give Each Other Hours of Extended Sexual Orgasm*. And their research is not limited to the fairer sex. According to the Brauers, men can experience the same prolonged orgasmic pleasure as women, and can train themselves (with a little help from a friend) to have orgasm after orgasm *without ejaculating*. There have been hints of this here and there recently, but not until now has there been a full account of *how* it can be done.

For the woman, the *ESO* technique teaches her to recognize those sexual blocks that so often prevent orgasm. Even if she is multi-orgasmic already,

the technique will train the woman how to conserve her energy during intercourse, allowing her to reach new heights of sexual stimulation never before imagined.

With the man, the conventional orgasm builds from an excitement phase to what is called the "plateau," that short interval just prior to the period of "inevitability" known as ejaculation. The *ESO* technique focuses on that period of inevitability, makes you aware of its approach, gives you the power to *hold on* to it for virtually as long as you want.

My summary here is a very brief and necessarily incomplete account of something it takes a whole book to cover, to say nothing of the time and care it takes to learn the entire technique. But it gives you an idea of the tremendous potential for pleasure the *ESO* method holds. The writing is very clear, and the illustrations are the best I've seen since Alex Comfort's *The Joy of Sex*.

New Women in Rock

By Liz Thomson; Delilah/Putnam, 200 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10016; \$10.95.

Here's a nicely designed pictorial book featuring more than 70 "new women" in modern music (including some "old" faves like Bette Midler and Marianne Faithfull). Along with



'Women': The Plasmatics' provocative Wendy O. Williams rocks.

the pictures comes a bright and highly condensed bio on each of the ladies, describing her origins, history in the rock biz, groups with which she's performed, and how she was discovered. All these blurbs were written by various people who obviously know the field of rock 'n' roll.

Some of the photography and art in this work will grab you by the eyelids—and then leave you wondering why this or that performer didn't go into modeling instead of music. Other pictures, combined with the often-intriguing stories, really do make you want to see (and hear) more of these gals. This will be especially true after you leaf through the pages devoted



'New Women in Rock': Unpredictable British songstress Toyah Wilcox.

to the likes of Lene Lovich, Grace Jones, Siouxsie Sioux and Hazel O'Connor. There are even some provocative poses by such relative unknowns as Lydia Lunch, Danielle Dax (of the infamous Lemon Kittens) and London's juvenile delinquent Honey Bane, who was drinking, fighting, expelled from school and, of course, playing rock 'n' roll at age 11.

At the end of *New Women* you'll find a complete discography for each of the performers. All in all, it's a handsome and unusual volume.

The Blue Book

By Brad Benedict; Grove Press Inc., 196 W. Houston St., New York, NY 10014; \$13.95.

This is a fun, eye-popping, genuinely joyful book of excitingly sensual and abstract art.



Fetish art: Robert Blue's kinky Rubbermaid from 'The Blue Book.'

"What can I say about sex that hasn't already been said (or done)?" asks Brad Benedict on the first page. "If you've read the books, seen the movies and committed the acts, what else is there? Art. Sex and art—what a combination! They're only three-letter words, but oh so powerful and lasting. Enjoy."



A secret Victorian picnic is colorfully captured in 'The Blue Book.'

And enjoy you will! There are more than a hundred drawings and paintings—even a photograph or two—of weird and erotic art at its collective kinkiest. Many words describe the variations of erotica found here: beautiful, appalling, exhilarating, hilarious, spooky, steamy—you name it, it's in here somewhere. But what's most appealing about this glossy, oversize paperback is the subtle yet delightful humor

with which it's all put together.

You may recognize some of the more-outrageous works. Several of them appeared on the pages of this magazine in the past few years. One, Olivia De Berardinis' unforgettable illustration of a shapely feminine rearend in pink lingerie, graced HUSTLER's July 1979 cover. You'll also find the stunning creations of Robert Grossman and Michael Kanarek, whose talented efforts have appeared in HUSTLER.

The Blue Book is a lovely collection of erotic artistic treasures worth many times its cover price. Pick it up.

The End of Sex

By George Leonard; J. P. Tarcher Inc., 9110 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90069; \$12.95.

This peculiar English language of ours is sometimes slippery. "The end" usually refers to something finished, done, over with—right? Wrong. In this case, anyway, "the end" also means the goal or purpose,



'The Blue Book's' affinity for pop art is illustrated by Lou Beach's *Bob*.

as in the phrase "the end justifies the means." And this "end" involves defining the true, deep, dark reason why men and women make love.

Author George Leonard knows what he's doing in this book. He cleverly combines both definitions of "the end" in his theory on what sex really means to us and our world. Writes Leonard: "We need to realize that the way we make love influences the way we make our world, and vice versa. We need to appreciate the connection between the erotic and the creative. We need, more than anything else, to reawaken to the almost-endless, half-forgotten, life-transforming powers of full-bodied, fully committed erotic love." Simply put, we've got to start taking this stuff more seriously—or else we're in for trouble!

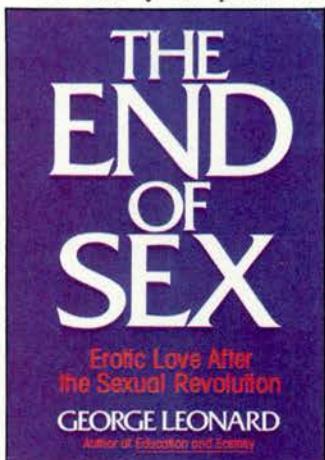
The most important (and shocking) section of *The End* is the third chapter, titled "An Explosion of the Spirit." If you think you've read the ultimate explicit sex, think again. Using the narrative form rather than a dry, essay style, Leonard describes a young couple's honeymoon rumble you'll never forget. He illustrates not only the physical interaction of the lovers, but also the moment-by-moment occurrence of what happens inside each body—from arousal to exhaustion. We

see the intricate biological activities of muscle, nerve and gland throughout the sexual adventure. In addition, Leonard explains what's taking place with each partner's feelings. It's a unique perspective.

The End of Sex points out



'The Blue Book': Blue's look at obedient lust, Betty Page in Bondage # 3.



that the shove, squeeze and squirt that so many of us call "sex" is only the smallest beginning of something far less tangible but much greater on a deeply personal level. Of course, there's lots more here than what's contained in the explicit Chapter 3. But that section is a perfect example of Leonard's ability to describe the invisible excitement and importance of sex.

If lovemaking is a significant part of your life, go out and buy this book. 

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14 DAY MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

This year you may be one of 300,000 people who will contract genital herpes. But unlike 20 million Americans who have already been hit by this virulent epidemic, you may not have to experience the hopelessness of being told that your condition is "incurable." After laboring for decades under the dark cloud of this ominous plague, researchers are now seeing the first rays of hope on the horizon. At long last there may be a chance for a cure.

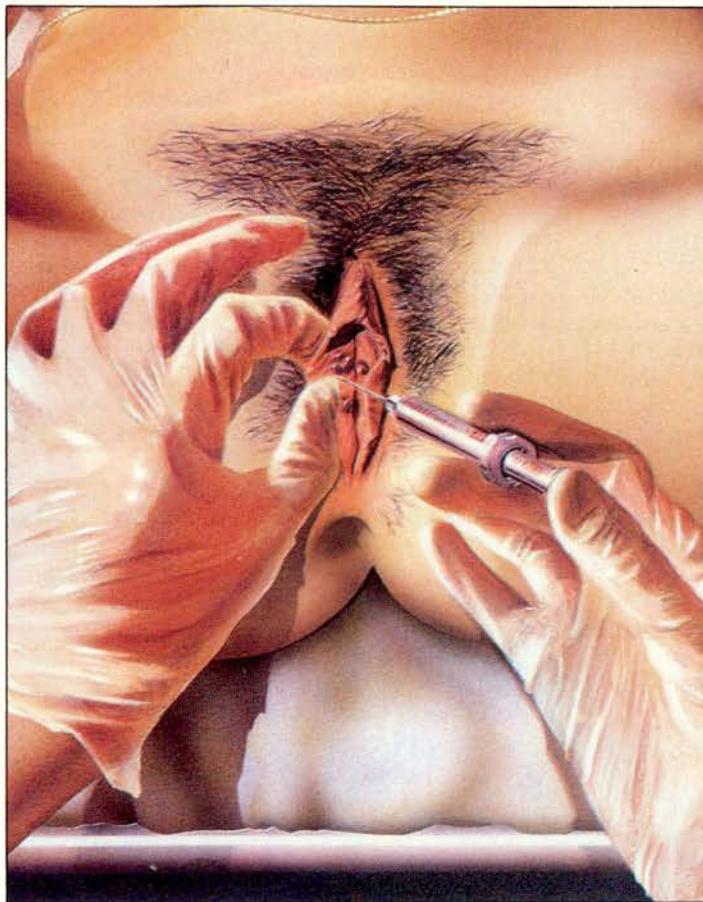
The number of reported genital-herpes cases has increased 1,000% in the past ten years. According to the federal Center for Disease Control in Atlanta, 80% of adults are exposed to some form of herpes by the time they're 40. Fifteen years ago the disease that some are calling "God's curse" was practically unheard of. Today it has put a significant crimp in what's generally known as the sexual revolution. And medical science had been powerless to put an end to it... until now.

For the first time a number of potential treatments show promise of stemming the herpes tide. The most revolutionary is a procedure developed by Los Angeles physician Stanley Bierman, who received a grant from the nonprofit Dermatology Research Foundation of California. Dr. Bierman's highly experimental treatment involves injecting a neurolytic agent (a substance that kills nerve tissue) directly into the infected area. In other words, you get a shot right in the genitals.

Although the procedure still needs extensive testing, it may indeed cure herpes. Before examining this treatment and other hopeful new developments in detail, we need to take a closer look at the disease itself.

Herpes is a virus. Viruses are nonliving particles that invade and take on lifelike functions from the cells of living bodies—like alien spores from a science-fiction movie. Inside the cell they reproduce and spread. The herpes virus passes directly through one cell into another, which is why it's so hard for

Many areas in the sexual world have remained hidden for too long behind the doors of fear, ignorance, inexperience and hypocrisy. In keeping with HUSTLER's belief that the repression of any and all sexual information is physically and emotionally damaging, we present this series of revealing articles to keep your sexual knowledge current, to lessen your inhibitions and—ultimately—to make you a better lover.



GENITAL HERPES: A SHOT OF HOPE

by Rodger Claire

the body's immune system to combat it. The immune system's antibodies work only *outside* the cells. And drugs that are strong enough to destroy the virus can also damage the cell that harbors it.

The two most common forms of the herpes virus in humans are herpes simplex I and herpes simplex II. Herpes simplex I is extremely prevalent and causes cold sores, usually on the lips and in the mouth. Herpes simplex II attacks below the waist, causing painful blisters in the genital region. Both types are transmitted through direct skin contact, as in kissing or sexual intercourse. The virus enters through the soft membrane of the skin and multiplies within the

tissue, causing redness, itching and blisters. The virus also retreats down the nerve fibers to nerve centers inside the body. This is what makes the herpes virus seemingly invincible. Type I travels through a facial nerve to a group of nerve cells near the brain. Type II retreats down a nerve fiber in the genital region to the sacral ganglia, a nerve cluster near the spinal column in the pelvis.

Once the virus enters those nerve centers, it lies dormant inside the nerve cells, beyond the reach of the body's immune system. Known as the latent stage, at this point the virus "sleeps" inside those nerve centers long after the sores on the skin have cleared up. Like some horror movie, the virus can remain there "undead," deep inside the nerve tissue—or it can be suddenly reawakened.

For reasons no one knows, these "reawakenings" (or recurrences) seem to be triggered by emotional stress, overexertion or genital friction. Once the virus is reawakened, it travels back down the sensory nerve to erupt at the original site on the surface of the skin. It is during these recurrences that the herpes virus is contagious again and can be passed to a sexual partner. The periods of reinfection can occur as often as twice a month or as seldom as once a year, with the average outbreak lasting four to five

days. Strangely, some people never experience a recurrence.

So far, herpes has resisted all attempts at cure. Antibiotics are ineffective against herpes, because they attack bacteria outside the cell tissue, while herpes lives *inside* the cells. Vaccination has also proved fruitless. The highly publicized German vaccine Lupidot-G has been shown not only to be without therapeutic value but also to be potentially harmful. Most of the treatments and so-called cures may, like acyclovir (the only drug approved in this country for the treatment of herpes), alleviate pain and help speed up healing of the blisters. However, the products are powerless to reduce the frequency of recur-

rence or eradicate the virus altogether.

To be considered a real *cure*, a treatment must clear up the initial outbreak of herpes, and it must also either kill the latent virus or ensure that there will never be a recurrence of infection again. A drug that simply reduces the chances of recurrence cannot be considered a viable "cure." The drug Isoprinosine, the chemical My-B-Den and Dr. Bierman's experimental use of neurolytic injection show promise of eliminating the possibility of herpes recurrence, and so may prove to be the long-sought-after herpes cure.

Isoprinosine is available in 55 countries, including Mexico. Although it is manufactured by Newport Pharmaceuticals in California, the drug has still not been approved for sale in the United States. Taken orally in tablet form for 14 days, Isoprinosine works as an "immune enhancer," which means it helps increase the level of the body's natural immune response.

Tests have shown that during times of emotional or physical stress—when herpes is most likely to recur—the body's production of defense cells drops. By keeping the level of immune cells up, Isoprinosine could theoretically prevent all new outbreaks of herpes and thus "cure" the patient without really destroying the latent virus.

The most significant study on Isoprinosine was conducted in 1976 on students at California State University at Fullerton. Of those given the drug, 80% were "very much improved" in just a few days. After a week, 60% of the students given the drug appeared to be free of herpes. Even with these statistics, most doctors remain unconvinced of Isoprinosine's effectiveness.

They point out that despite the generalizations about the effects of emotional stress on the body's defense mechanisms, there's no solid evidence proving that herpes sufferers have depressed immune systems. Furthermore, they insist, even healthy people with normal immune systems are susceptible to herpes. Detractors emphasize that in other studies, Isoprinosine's effectiveness didn't vary much from that of a placebo (a neutral substance given to a patient who thinks it's medicine). More clinical testing will be needed to sort out and resolve these discrepancies.

My-B-Den, also called AMP, is a chemical found in the nucleus of human body cells. Among other functions, it is involved in the transfer and storage of energy inside the cells. As a treatment for herpes, it is injected into the arm once a week for five weeks, then once every other week five more times. Scientists do not yet understand exactly how

My-B-Den works against herpes. However, studies have shown that patients with herpes have low levels of "nucleotides" in their bloodstreams. My-B-Den returns these levels to normal, a phenomenon that might keep the herpes infection from recurring. It is also active in reducing inflammation in cells. And tests at Oregon State University have indicated that My-B-Den has a toxic effect on the herpes virus.

Scientists really don't know how My-B-Den works against the virus, but they do know that it can stop its recurrence. In a recent report to the American Public Health Association, Dr. Harvey Sklarr noted that 16 patients treated with My-B-Den experienced rapid healing of genital herpes and suffered no recurrence of blisters. And in a recent study using mice, My-B-Den was shown to be dramatically effective in reducing the recurrence of herpes simplex I. Other than some temporary pain at the site of injection, the drug doesn't seem to have any adverse side effects.

Although My-B-Den appears to have much promise for the future, a good deal more testing and experimentation need to be completed before medical scientists can determine the drug's long-range usefulness.

Of all these treatments, Dr. Bierman's use of neurolytic injection is the most revolutionary and holds the most promise of someday becoming the final "cure." It shows great possibility because the treatment is aimed at neutralizing the virus's latency and so preventing the danger of a new outbreak.

Bierman's procedure is based in part on a radical theory he describes as "heretical" in the medical community. He believes that the herpes simplex II virus not only lies dormant in the nerve center by the spine but remains latent in the skin tissue as well. Bierman believes that by killing the nerve cells in the skin, he can kill the herpes virus lying dormant within them.

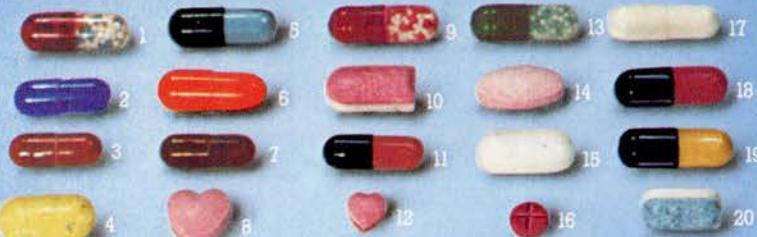
Though Bierman and his colleagues are currently trying to prove scientifically through testing that the virus is latent in the skin, there is a good deal of evidence supporting his claim. First, tests on guinea pigs have demonstrated that the herpes virus remained in the animals' footpads, as well as in their nerve centers.

Second, the fact that the virus re-emerges each time near the *same* site on the skin in humans suggests that the virus must still be in the skin cells. If it were latent only in the sacral ganglia, the virus could conceivably travel back up the nerve and reappear *anywhere* along the skin surface.

(continued on page 144)

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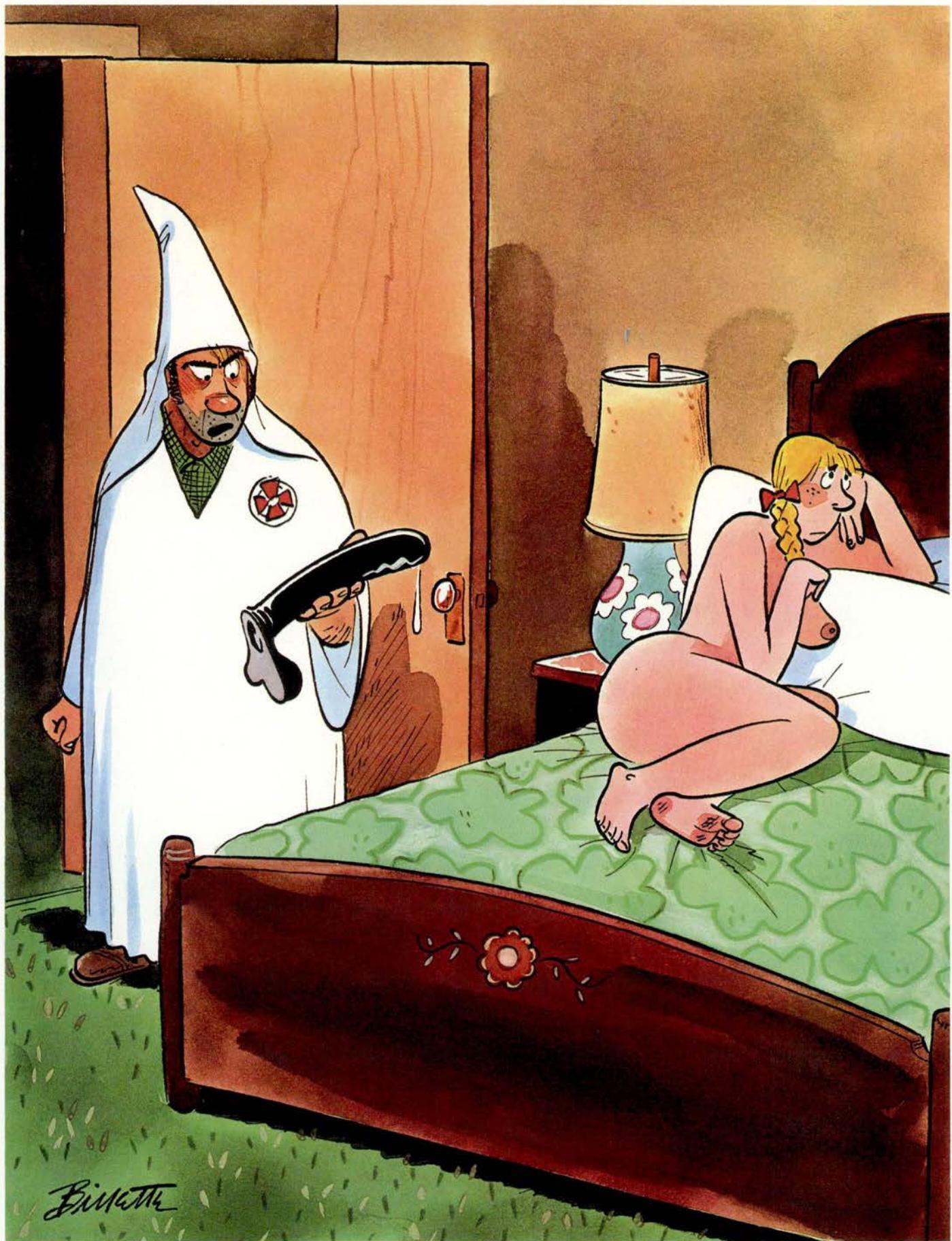
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"A black dildo?! That's cruel, Bonnie-Sue. . . ."



LARRY FLYNT

The Controversial Publisher Speaks Out On Drugs, Sex, Suicide, Atheism... and More

The four gun blasts rang out shortly after noon in rural Lawrenceville, Georgia, a hotbed of redneck conservatism located 30 miles northeast of Atlanta. The visitor walking along Perry Street instinctively clutched his midsection, groaning horribly as blood began staining the vest of his three-piece suit. For several moments he struggled to remain on his feet, twisting from side to side, moaning and staggering. Finally, he pitched forward, falling facedown onto the sidewalk.

"God help us!" screamed a woman while Larry Flynt writhed in pain. An unknown assailant's bullets had left ugly, gaping holes in his stomach—prematurely terminating Flynt's 1978 trial for publishing and distributing allegedly obscene materials (*HUSTLER Magazine*) in Lawrenceville. Like John F. Kennedy and Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. before him, he had been gunned down, in this case by an unseen coward who opposed Flynt's Constitutional right to be heard.

But fortunately, following the removal of his spleen and part of his intestines, the Founder and Publisher of *HUSTLER* survived. Confined to a wheelchair, he was able to continue one of the most unprecedented—and controversial—success stories in the history of American journalism.

The son of a dirt-poor sharecropper, Larry Claxton Flynt was born and raised on

a small farm in the eastern Kentucky town of Salyersville. At age 14, after completing the eighth grade, he ran away from home and used a false birth certificate to join the Army and then the Navy. There Flynt achieved the rank of petty officer second-class. By the time he was honorably discharged at 19, he had earned numerous correspondence-school credits that fueled his desire to go into business for himself.

"I started out washing dishes in a restaurant in Dayton, Ohio, for 95¢ an hour," Flynt recalls. "I finally got a job working on the General Motors production line and opened up a small bar—Larry's Hillbilly Heaven—with \$1,500 as a down payment.

I went from there to a bigger place and then on to a better place. Between 1967 and 1972, based on the experience I gained in the bar business, I opened up a string of clubs called The Hustler in Cincinnati, Dayton, Toledo, Akron, Cleveland and Columbus, Ohio. The name signified somebody getting ahead—somebody who works hard and hustles for a buck. That's exactly what I had been doing. Nobody gave me anything. Everything I got on the way up the ladder, I earned."

What originally was a four-page give-away newsletter designed to promote Flynt's nightclubs developed into the premier issue of *HUSTLER*, dated July 1974. "Anyone can be a playboy and have a penthouse, but it takes a man to be a Hustler," he said at the time. "Our girl-features are destined to become classics. You will find the interviews and articles in the coming issues to be real blockbusters."

Flynt more than lived up to that promise. Six months later *HUSTLER* became the first national magazine to show female genitalia, also known as "pink." Later eye-popping nude photo-layouts included a 50-year-old woman, a mother-to-be in an advanced state of pregnancy and the landmark Scratch 'n' Sniff Centerfold. A 1975 issue containing nude color photos of Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis sold out on the newsstands.

by Richard Warren Lewis



Pulling no punches, Larry Flynt shares his thoughts with Richard Warren Lewis.

But there was not only visual appeal to HUSTLER. Investigative word-and-picture reports on child-beating, the obscenity of war, venereal diseases and the bloody civil war in El Salvador gained widespread media attention. So did exclusive interviews with such personalities as Atheist Madalyn Murray O'Hair, comedian/activist Dick Gregory, racist David Duke, American Indian leader Vernon Bellecourt and the incomparable Jody Maxwell, a porn actress who'd sing while sucking cocks.

Busily expanding his empire, Flynt started two other magazines—CHIC and Ohio—and purchased a pair of existing newspapers, the Plains (Georgia) Monitor and the nation's best-read alternative tabloid, the Los Angeles Free Press. All the while, he was crisscrossing the country in his private jet, dividing his time between addressing college students on censorship and the First Amendment and fighting obscenity charges in Cincinnati, Atlanta and other jurisdictions. His personal life also began commanding national attention, particularly when it was announced in 1977 that following conversations with President Jimmy Carter's sister Ruth Carter Stapleton, he had become a "born again" Christian.

By 1979 Flynt had moved his base of operations from Columbus, Ohio, to Los Angeles—occupying three floors in a sleek Century City skyscraper overlooking Beverly Hills.

In the ensuing years, he has originated several magazines for more-specialized audiences: SLAM, GENTLEMAN'S COMPANION, HUSTLER HUMOR and SEX PLAY. He also set up his own magazine-distribution company, which now supplies wholesalers with 160 titles ranging from the New York Review of Books to Soldier of Fortune.

Flynt recently agreed to meet with HUSTLER Articles Editor Richard Warren Lewis and talk freely about the pains and burdens of the years since his shooting, as well as some astonishing developments in his personal life. This brutally honest interview provides the first intimate look at Larry Flynt the man and his magazine.

HUSTLER: In April 1982 the magazine world was shocked when you stepped aside as Publisher of HUSTLER. What prompted that decision?

FLYNT: At the time, I was very heavily into drugs, and I was suffering from chronic pain in my legs. I was at a point where I wished I was dead. I was no longer able to function. From the time of my shooting—March 6, 1978—there was never a minute of the day or night that I didn't have pain. It felt like I was standing in boiling-hot water up to my thighs. It became so unbearable that I had to take narcotics. The pain made me

sweat constantly; the narcotics affected my speech. I became addicted to morphine, Dilaudid and finally methadone. It got to a point where no amount of any of the drugs would stop the pain.

HUSTLER: How strong were the doses?

FLYNT: The normal dose of Dilaudid is two milligrams every four hours. I was taking 20 milligrams every two hours. Eight milligrams will put the average person into cardiac arrest. I went into respiratory arrest and almost OD'd three times before I gradually built up a tolerance. I'm really lucky to be here,

jection. I'd want something clean. No need of making a mess for somebody to clean up.

HUSTLER: How did you deal with the prospect of death?

FLYNT: Before the shooting, I used to think about death all the time. I thought, *Here I've made all this money; I've been extremely successful at a very young age. Now, am I going to be able to live and enjoy it?* Since then the quality of my life has been reduced so much that death is almost welcome sometimes. In recent years I have been in 12 hospitals, I've had ten major operations, and I've been near death a half-dozen times. When I was shot that day in Lawrenceville, Georgia, I was considered dead on arrival at the hospital. When the doctors were able to revive me, they gave me a 2% chance of survival. They didn't change that prognosis for about a month; that's how critical I was.

There were many times after I recuperated from my wounds that I wished I'd have died, many of those sleepless nights that I spent in pain. Had I died on that street in that small town in Georgia, I would have spared my wife, Althea, a lot of grief. For the first year after I was shot, she stayed in every hospital with me. She even moved a small cot into the room and slept beside me every night. I wouldn't check into any hospital where they wouldn't let Althea stay overnight with me. She was there to comfort me all the time.

I often think of what my injury has done to her. She never complains, but I know she's experienced a lot of grief that she's kept well hidden. My condition has severely affected our lives. No one can really relate to what I'm saying unless he knows what it's like to be a paraplegic and have to depend on other people to help you get through the day. In the past I was always self-sufficient. I did the work and the playing of half a dozen people. So imagine what it's like when your body breaks down, and it stays broken.

HUSTLER: Are you able to function sexually?

FLYNT: I'm able to get an erection. I'm able to satisfy my mate. I'm not able to climax. So for me, sex is nothing. But at least it's good to know that I can satisfy my partner. Any paraplegic who tells you that he can attain sexual satisfaction is full of shit. Yet I've never met any paralyzed person who's willing to admit his sexual life is out the window. Maybe it has something to do with their egos; they think that by admitting it, people will think they're less of a man. I don't

"The day I was shot, I was considered dead on arrival at the hospital. The doctors gave me a 2% chance of survival."

considering the massive amounts of drugs that I took. When people have severe pain that's intolerable, I can understand their turning to narcotics—because that's the only relief available. But drugs will definitely do you in. If you're not very careful, they cloud your mind to where you're almost a vegetable at times. Now that I think about it, I can't remember very much from the time of my shooting until last November.

HUSTLER: What happened then?

FLYNT: A doctor friend of mine told me about a new form of surgery being done at Duke University for people in my situation. Since the drugs were no longer working, I decided to take a chance on the surgery. There were two operations—one on my left side, the other on my right. The doctor cut into my back and cauterized the sensory nerves going to my lower extremities, but left the motor nerves intact. Things seemed fine afterward. The pain was relieved, and I was able to get off the drugs. But then I suffered from severe depression for about four weeks. This was due, of course, to coming off narcotics. The doctors were surprised that the depression lasted for only a month, considering the fact that I had been on such massive doses of narcotics for 4½ years. The depression was so bad that I even contemplated suicide. It was the bleakest period of my life.

HUSTLER: What method of suicide did you contemplate?

FLYNT: I considered taking a lethal in-



"Be brief, Mr. Lomax. I'm a very busy woman!"

want to deflate any egos, but I've always been truthful about everything in my life, and I see no reason to change now. Up until the time I was shot, I don't know of anybody nor did I ever read about anybody who got laid as much as I did. So the only consolation I have is that in the 35 years before I was injured, I had enough to last me a lifetime. I still miss it, but I don't grieve about it, because there's nothing I can do to change things. It's something I've accepted and have to live with.

HUSTLER: Do you have erotic dreams?

FLYNT: Yes, I do. And strangely, in all of them I'm not paralyzed. In a typical erotic dream, I have sexual intercourse. The dream is always fulfilling, but then I wake up to reality.

HUSTLER: Do you anticipate being a paraplegic for the rest of your life?

FLYNT: I always try to be as pragmatic as possible. I doubt that I will ever walk again. Of course, every day I read about new research that's being done for people who are crippled because of nerve damage. There's a lot of study going on in nerve regeneration, nerve grafting and nerve reconstruction. Doctors have had limited success in these procedures with stroke patients. The research is at a very early stage, and it's very difficult to say what the future will hold. But in my lifetime I really don't see it happening. I know of many paralyzed people who are

optimistic about being able to walk again. Maybe those hopes keep them mentally stimulated and out of a depressed state of mind. I would like to feel that way, but unfortunately I can't. I'm as much of a realist today as I was before I was injured. I just take life day to day. And on many of those days I still have bouts of depression.

HUSTLER: Do you have any idea who shot you?

FLYNT: There have been many theories. One is that the shooting might have been instigated by the CIA or the FBI, because of the special edition of the *L.A. Free Press* I published on the John F. Kennedy and Martin Luther King assassinations. We dug up startling information about the CIA's and the FBI's involvement in covering up those crimes. We also ran ads in major newspapers all over the country, offering a \$1-million reward for any information leading to the arrest and conviction of people involved in those assassinations.

There were also rumors that it may possibly have been an organized-crime hit, because of my setting up my own magazine-distribution business and supposedly infringing on profitable areas previously exclusive to others. But that's a myth. I understand the publishing business well enough to know that if I had stepped on anybody's toes in organized crime, I would have known it long

before the police. I've met organized-crime figures, but I've never knowingly been involved with such people or conducted business with them.

After five years of reflection my own personal theory is that my assassination attempt resulted from a conspiracy within the community of Lawrenceville and that the person who shot me perhaps was a member of the local police department. The area is very heavy Ku Klux Klan territory. I was hated passionately by the Klan—and I still am.

HUSTLER: Why is that?

FLYNT: I started getting a great deal of hate mail from Klansmen and other bigots after *HUSTLER* ran a photo-feature titled *Butch: A Black Stud and His Georgia Peach*, which showed an interracial couple in very intimate poses. I kept receiving threats from the Klan all during the Lawrenceville trial. I was shot on the last day of the proceedings, and we felt very confident that we were going to get an acquittal. As a matter of fact, a poll of the jury was taken after I'd been shot, and it was determined that they were going to acquit me. Since the trial wasn't necessarily going the way local Klan members had hoped, they tried to take the law into their own hands by killing me. And they almost succeeded. Whoever shot me is still out there. I've got to live with that thought constantly, always looking over my shoulder.

HUSTLER: What would you do if you were able to track down that person?

FLYNT: Maybe I should want revenge. Yet I don't feel that way. Sure, I would like to see whoever shot me brought to justice. But I don't think justice exists—not in the courtrooms that I've been in.

HUSTLER: In view of your well-known born-again experience, were there times

during prolonged periods of pain and depression brought on by the shooting when you prayed for God's help?

FLYNT: I had no reason to call on God, because after much soul-searching I became an Atheist. My thinking has changed 180 degrees. I do not believe in God. I am an Atheist now and always will be. My born-again experience was real; there was no effort on my part to deceive anyone. But it was just an emotional state that I went through. I'm thankful that I now have my sanity back. Nothing I read or no particular person changed my mind; it's something that I had to sort out for myself. And I came to the conclusion that when you're dead, you're dead. There's no hereafter.

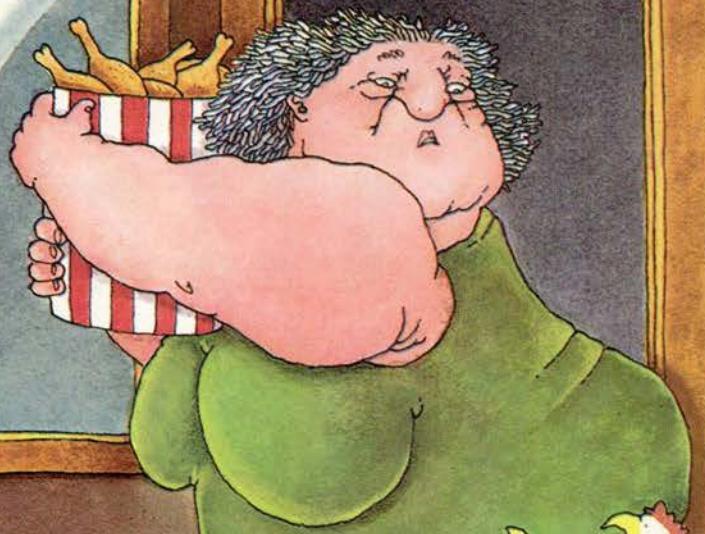
When I look at some of the old video news tapes of my announced conversion and I read some of the old press clippings, I find it very embarrassing. But I want to emphasize that it was no publicity stunt. I did experience visions, the



"You'll hear from my attorney, Chuck. You're just not fulfilling my sexual fantasies. . . ."

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beam of light, the feeling of contentment and the sense of being possessed by God. I actually carried on a dialogue with Jesus Christ Himself, which was just as real as meeting anyone in the flesh. In retrospect, some people remind me that I was working extremely hard during that period, and suggest that I might have been having a nervous breakdown. That's crossed my mind too. I could never rule out that possibility. But today my mind is as clear and as rational as it has ever been, and I'm satisfied with my Atheist convictions.

HUSTLER: Was there a moment that Christ left your life as He'd entered it?

FLYNT: Well, I never had any more visions after that particular day. Then I started a period of searching within myself for the truth of my experience. And I came to the conclusion that I was a nonbeliever.

HUSTLER: John Paul II has declared that atheism is the root of all evil.

FLYNT: I can understand his making that statement. If everybody was an Atheist, the Pope would be out of a job.

HUSTLER: How do you suppose the public will respond to your renouncing Christianity?

FLYNT: There will probably be a negative reaction. I hope they'll respect my right to believe as I choose, just as I respect others' rights to their beliefs. I

only wish more nonbelievers could have the courage to stand by their convictions. The reason why the polls show such a large number of people believing in God is that they think it's safer to say "I believe" than "I don't believe." Even if there's a *possibility* of a hereafter, they want to be prepared for it. Actually, only a small percentage of people are true believers. And most of these are your pray-TV boys.

HUSTLER: As an Atheist, what do you think of Oral Roberts's claim that a 900-foot-tall Jesus had spoken to him, promising a cure for cancer if everyone sent him \$240?

FLYNT: I thought that if the Lord really knows the formula for a cancer cure, why doesn't He send it to us without involving a middleman? That story's no different from what you hear Pat Robertson say on the *PTL Club*. All TV evangelists are doing the same thing—fleecing as much money from people as they can. It's hogwash to think that you're going to be able to cure cancer or any other disease through prayer.

HUSTLER: How did your wife react to your becoming an Atheist?

FLYNT: Althea didn't seem too surprised. What's ironic is that she's a believer. I don't try to discourage her. She knows my views, and I feel that I should respect her beliefs, which I do.

HUSTLER: In 1981, newspapers reported that you and Althea were getting a divorce. Was that accurate?

FLYNT: Not really. Althea and I have always been very close, and still are. The only strain that was ever put on our relationship was the drugs that I was taking. Althea just couldn't cope with my being in a drug stupor all the time, but she tolerated it because of my condition. When something as tragic as what happened to me happens to other individuals, their mates seldom stay around.

Althea is a very strong person, and she's stood by me even though she knew she didn't have to. As much as I love her and need her, I offered to set her free with a divorce. The most satisfying thing that I could do would be to provide her with happiness, whether that be with me—or without me. You have to really love someone to make that kind of sacrifice. My life would be very empty without her. If it hadn't been for Althea, I don't know how I would have managed. When I had my health problems, she held the company together. Once I got healthy, I felt the urge to contribute to all areas of the company again. I missed being involved.

HUSTLER: It's been nine years since the July 1974 issue of *HUSTLER* hit the newsstands. When that first issue came out, did you ever envision that the magazine would become the success it eventually did?

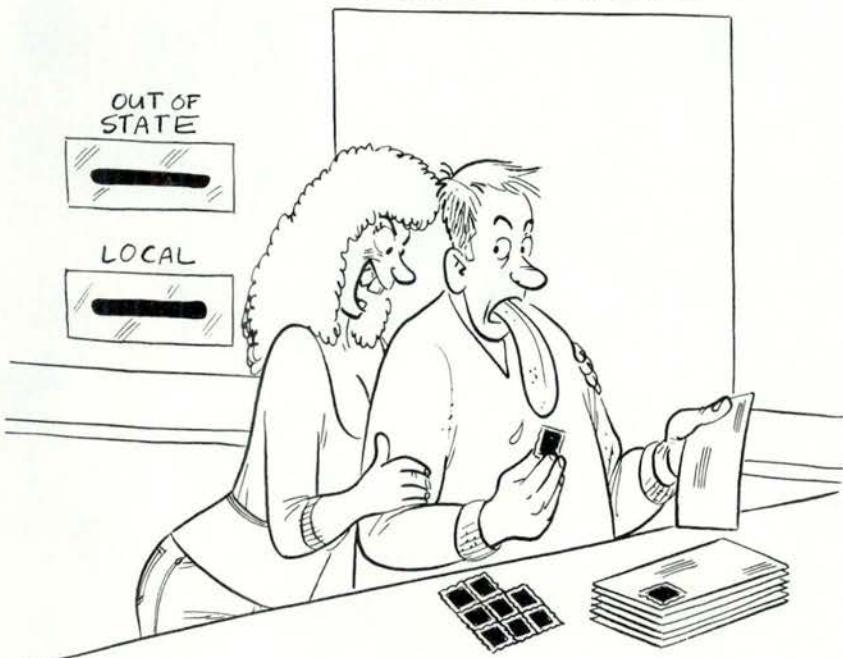
FLYNT: I never thought in my wildest dreams that it would be as popular as it has been. I knew that I could make the magazine successful in the sense that I could give people something that *Playboy* and *Penthouse* were not supplying. But during the first five or six months, I had to learn the publishing business from the ground up. I didn't know one printing press from another, one typeface from another or one type of film from another. I didn't know which photographers to use. I had absolutely no contact with writers or cartoonists. And I was living and publishing my magazine in Columbus, Ohio, which is not known as one of the talent centers of the world. I wasn't successful with *HUSTLER* because of what I did; it was in spite of what I did.

Today Larry Flynt Publications has 250 full-time employees. When we first began, there were only four of us for the first several months—an art director, an assistant who pasted up the whole magazine, an editor and myself. Because I didn't know anything about the publishing business, when the art director complained that he needed help, I thought he was just lazy. When you're part of something that is becoming suc-

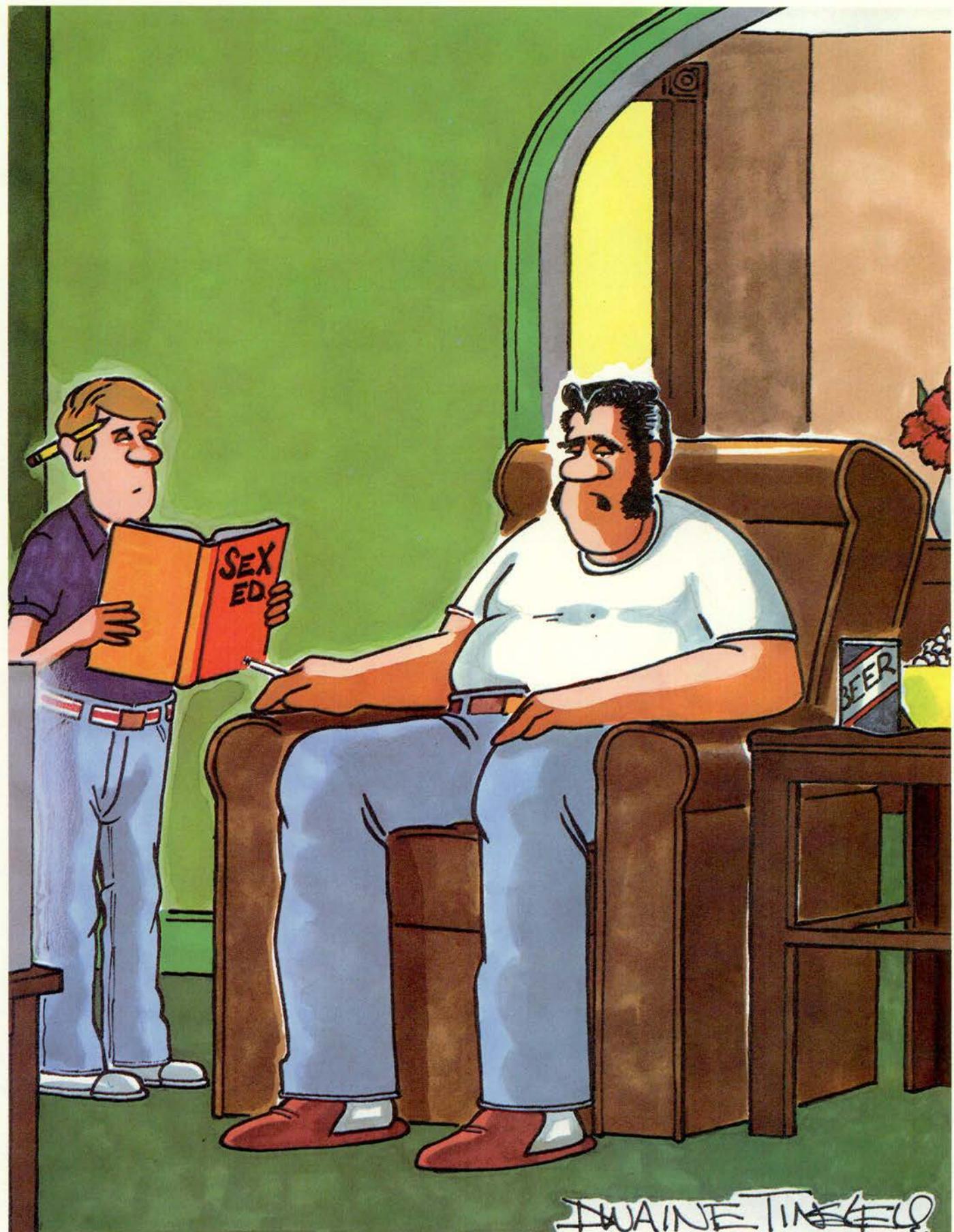
(continued on page 50)

Billie

POST OFFICE



"Well, hello-o-o there!"



"An orgasm? Go ask your mother. I believe she faked one back in '67!"



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LESLIE
BETWEEN THE LINES







We found this French beauty in a small town called Bezons, just outside Paris. When Leslie isn't busy working as a fashion model in the big city, she likes to spend her spare time reading and fantasizing about other countries. "I've always wanted to visit the tropics," she says. "I like countries where the men are hot-blooded. I don't have any patience for all this courtship and dating." Then with a dreamy look she adds, "A jungle romance sounds great to me. I like to imagine this tall, dark man who just grabs me, and we rush off into the trees and make love under a big, bright tropical moon."







INTERVIEW: LARRY FLYNT

(continued from page 40)

cessful in a business with such a high mortality rate, it sort of gets the adrenaline flowing. Everybody was working so hard, they reminded me of busy beavers. Since *Playboy* had the bunny and *Penthouse* had the tortoise, I thought the beaver should symbolize HUSTLER.

HUSTLER: What did it cost to put out the first issue?

FLYNT: Around \$150,000. I lost money on that issue as well as the second, third and fourth. I made a \$15,000 profit on the fifth issue, a \$60,000 profit on the sixth issue and a \$110,000 profit on the seventh. I never looked back after that. About then we started working with better writers, cartoonists and photographers; so I was gradually able to upgrade the quality of the publication. As the money came in, I kept putting it back into the magazine—going to a better quality of paper and printing along with improved color separations to get better color reproduction.

HUSTLER: What has been HUSTLER's major accomplishment?

FLYNT: Enlightening people about their own sexuality. It has accomplished as much in terms of the sexual revolution in the 1970s and 1980s as *Playboy* did in the 1950s. I don't think any

magazine in existence deals with sex as candidly and forthrightly as HUSTLER does. When we started publishing, women believed that their genitals were dirty—something they should never expose. There's a totally different attitude today. Women now know what they look like down there, and so do men. There are almost a hundred men's magazines in this country, and half of them have modeled themselves more after HUSTLER than after *Playboy* or *Penthouse*. So we must be doing something right.

HUSTLER: What has HUSTLER failed to accomplish in its first nine years?

FLYNT: I would have liked to have had a great deal more impact at the newsstand than we have. The only reason why we haven't had maximum impact is because of limited circulation brought on by censorship at the local level. A great many retailers are afraid to sell HUSTLER, for fear of prosecution. Some wholesalers are afraid to distribute the magazine for the same reason. This has resulted in our having much less dealer coverage than *Playboy* and *Penthouse*. There's no doubt in my mind that if we were sold in every store they were in, we would now be the number-one-selling men's magazine in the country. We're constantly working to improve circulation, but it is an uphill battle.

HUSTLER: How do you compare *Playboy*, *Penthouse* and HUSTLER?

FLYNT: Editorially, *Playboy* is an excellent magazine. It has an Establishment-type reputation and is able to get the writers of its choice; models willingly pose for *Playboy* but not for HUSTLER. Since it has so many advantages over us, you'd think that *Playboy* would be doing a lot better than HUSTLER. But in many locations we're presently outselling it on the newsstand. The reason for this is that *Playboy* seems pretentious while HUSTLER is more gutsy and down-to-earth. I'm not sure who wants to read interviews with people who are newsmakers like those that *Playboy* prints. Most of the interviews we run in HUSTLER are with people who are *about* to become newsmakers. This makes for a more-original flow of information, a philosophy that is carried throughout the controversial editorial content, the sexual explicitness of the photos and the outrageous cartoons that make up each issue of HUSTLER.

I see *Penthouse* as nothing more than a ripoff of *Playboy* that's a little better. The difference is that Bob Guccione is more explicit in his photo-layouts. Oddly enough, when you listen to Hugh Hefner or Guccione talk about their magazines, the thing they play down the most is their photo-features. Instead, they want to talk about what they stand for journalistically. Guccione, for example, emphasizes the investigative articles he's run on the CIA and the Mafia. Kathy Keeton, his company's vice-chairman, was once quoted as saying that *Penthouse* deserved an award for what it had done for Vietnam veterans.

I don't want to take anything away from either *Playboy* or *Penthouse*, because they do some things very well. But they cop out in favor of their advertisers and are not totally honest with their readership. They would rather make the advertisers happier than the readers. HUSTLER will never descend to that sort of thinking.

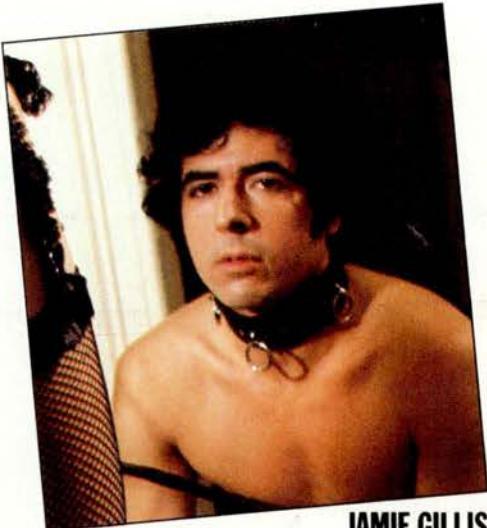
HUSTLER: *Playboy*'s circulation has fallen 600,000 copies in the past two years. *Penthouse* has lost half a million circulation in that time. What has caused such a notable decline?

FLYNT: I said a long time ago that this country was becoming desensitized to sex. And that as this happened, there would be a loss of interest in men's magazines. The big advances made in the video market as well as in movies—where people are getting a great deal more explicit sex brought right into their living rooms—has also done a lot to lure away the guy who reads magazines with one hand. And whether the

(continued on page 56)

"Have you no shame? Have you no sense of decency? Have you no place where we can be alone?"





JAMIE GILLIS

We called on Jamie Gillis, one of porn's longest-running hits, to write about the ladies. From his roles in *Misty Beethoven* to the recent *Midnight Heat*, he's done it all and doesn't mind relating it.

"ARE PORN STARS REALLY GOOD IN BED?"

by Jamie Gillis and Lisa DeLeeuw

Some guys aren't even sure that their own wives or girlfriends really get off during sex . . . so why should anyone believe that porn stars can make each other climax on cue in front of a camera? Is it all just an act, or are these actors and actresses honestly the "super-lovers" they appear to be onscreen? To find out, **HUSTLER** asked adult films' most outspoken ce-

lebrities to "kiss and tell" on the sexual abilities of their porn peers. Of course, our stars haven't had firsthand experience with everyone in the X-rated-film world; so there may be a few names missing. But these big-league "ball" players have been on the field with enough partners to give you a complete box score on who hits home runs and who strikes out.



CRYSTAL LAKE

She's brand-new, but you'll be hearing from Crystal. I'm a little bit out of control with her. She'll start to take over when we're doing a scene, especially if she's lying on her stomach, by rotating her hips while I'm in her. That gets me nuts. She also flicks her tongue in the air like a snake while we're fucking. It's a real turn-on.



JOHN LESLIE

John is definitely more concerned with John's welfare than anybody else's. He's very aware that he has to get his rocks off. That's all he cares about. But other than that, he's a nice guy. John is a definite breast man . . . his, not hers. He loves having his nipples played with.



LYSA THATCHER

Lysa's the real thing. In *Neon Nights*, I played her father, which seemed quite natural. I can still remember her saying, "Fuck me, Daddy." We've played out a million fantasies together. Lysa's mostly submissive, but she's gotten more switchable lately.

RON JEREMY

Good old Ron. Ron is a hoot. I love working with him because he's such a character. He's a definite New Yorker. He has this energy level that's truly unbelievable, and you can't get him to shut his mouth. He talks with his mouth full too. I imagine he could talk sucking his own dick. You have to give him credit for giving good head though.





SERENA

I actually lived with Serena, and we had a relationship that went beyond the films. We did whatever felt right at the moment. She was open to everything.

I've never known anyone to be as submissive or as dominating as Serena (depending on her mood). And she was very good at doing one of the things that I love—licking my balls while I jerk off. She was an incredibly wonderful experience, sexually and otherwise.

NANCY SUITER

Nancy used to really like you to jerk off on her tits. She just loved that hot squirt on her tits. You can see that in the opening scene of *The Ecstasy Girls*. She's one of the all-time greats.



GEORGINA SPELVIN

(Shown with Richard Pacheco)

Georgina's certainly not the prettiest girl in the business, and she's definitely not the youngest, but she's positively one of the best fucks. Our first time together

was in a terrible movie called *Mound of Venus*. When I started screwing her, I could immediately feel why she's considered special. I don't usually remember the physical feeling of cunts, but Georgina's I remember. That's very rare. There's something very special about that cunt. And she's a great cocksucker too.



BILLY DEE

He's fabulous. One of the best. He's not oversized, but he definitely fills a girl up. Billy's a very exciting lover too. Not animalistic, though, at least not with me. A gorgeous body, plenty of stamina and a real cute dick.



DON HART

Don "Darn, I Can't Believe Sex—It's Too Good to Be True" Hart. The only problem with Don is, he smiles constantly during sex, which can be very perturbing. It's like he's thinking, *Oh, boy; oh, boy!* What a great invention—sex! But he's a really great guy to work with even though he grins through the whole thing.



HILLARY SUMMERS

A hot little slut. There was a scene in *800 Fantasy Lane* with about six girls and me, and at one point Hillary was getting pissed on. While writhing on the floor, she was saying, "Oh, yeah, I love it." There were all these disgusting, wonderful things going on, and she was a pretty hot young girl.



JULIET ANDERSON

She gets very excited. One time, just recently, she was moving around so much, it was hard to find the hole. I had to ask her to stop so I could get my dick in.



SEKA

What's so hot about Seka is that she has that "I want to be alone" look of aloofness; yet she's willing to go at it, any time, any place. One time I took her into a peep-show booth in New York City and fucked her inside it. And she has a sense of humor beneath that cold, Nordic exterior of hers. We were doing a loop, and she was just about to sit on my face when she said, "This must be pig heaven for you." It's nice to have someone like her to look up to.



MIKE RANGER

(Shown with Danielle Ray)

Mike's got a bent dick. It turns to the side, which is really strange. But he's wonderful. Mike also has a brilliant mind. He thinks of these bizarre positions for us, one of which I paid for dearly for three days afterward. We were fucking doggy-style, and he had me put my head down so I could do a somersault.

Then he flipped me up as if I were actually doing the somersault. He was still in me all this time. Then he figured out this other trick and, still in me, he turned around and got down so we were butt to butt. It was uncomfortable, I hurt my neck, and the filmmakers didn't even use the footage.



ERIC EDWARDS

I did kind of work with Eric. In one film he did a stand-in for somebody else who couldn't perform. In other words, his physical parts were on film, but the rest of him was out of the frame. So we couldn't really have much sex. All he did was jack off on me. Poor Eric and I never got to do it right.



BOBBY ASTYR

Bobby is a doll. He's a terrific partner and a very considerate person... and he's much shorter than I am. But that doesn't stop him from performing quite well. I'm very strong, and I can really be aggressive, but I didn't scare him off. Or anybody else... on film.



LONI SANDERS

You'll have a hard time finding any actor who doesn't love working with Loni Sanders. I've even seen her privately once or twice. She's got a great body even though she's small. Her tits are that perfect kind that just pop out at you. Some girls need lubrication—which I find a turn-off—and some girls overact. Loni has none of those problems. I put her right at the top of my list.



DESIREE COUSTEAU

I had one memorable scene with her on top of an antique car. She has this incredible ass, and she was teasing me with her panties by pulling them slowly up into her crack. But most of the time, if not all the time, Desi was only pretending to be interested. She felt—or maybe it was just the image she wanted to project to the other actors—that she was too good for this "trash." At least that's how it seemed when she was filming with me.



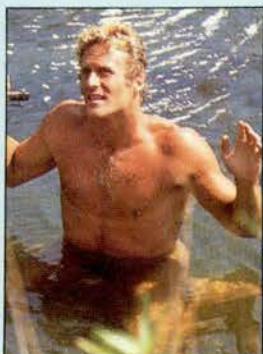
ANNETTE HAVEN

The best time with Annette was off the set. It was during the filming of *Coming of Angels*. I took her back to my hotel room, and we had one fantastic fuck. Annette can be dominant or submissive—she's an all-around type. In front of the cameras is an entirely different story though. She becomes too aware of the camera angles and the technical requirements. That may make it better for the audience, but it's a lot less interesting for me.



TERRI HALL

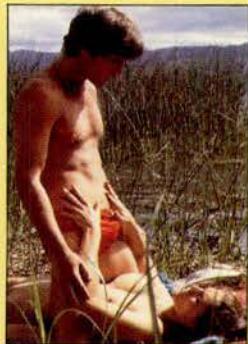
Terri was very submissive. She had a boyfriend who used to lock her up in a dungeon. Submission was almost like a religious ritual for her. If she was sucking your cock or you were screwing her, she acted as if you were God. She wasn't into being kicked around, but she had a need to be overpowered. She was very, very good.



RANDY WEST

He's good enough in bed to recommend to any lady. Our first job together was in a Swedish Erotica loop, and he was by far the best "first time" I ever had. He knows where everything is located, and he doesn't tire out.

Annette Haven, winner of the Best Actress category in this year's *HUSTLER* Erotic Film Poll for her work in *Peaches and Cream*, filled us in on one actor Lisa DeLeeuw hadn't discussed.



RICHARD PACHECO

(Shown with Kay Parker)

We spent years looking at each other before we did anything. It's better if you don't just jump into the hay with someone you don't even know. We did one extraordinary scene in Vegas. The orgasm I had was so intense that I passed out. And Richard held me until I woke up again. He's fantastic.



Averaging about five films a year, **Richard Pacheco** made his mark in some of the top adult features. He's also one of the few actors to work with **Marilyn Chambers**. So we asked him for a few words on her.



MARILYN CHAMBERS

Marilyn's like a keg of dynamite ready to go off. All of our scenes together, in both *Insatiable* and *Up 'n' Coming*, centered on oral sex. I can only describe her oral technique as friendly—and I was happy to have her as a friend. I've watched her on the set, and she really gets into her feelings, whether pain or pleasure. She's an all-pro wide receiver with good hands.



HERSHEL SAVAGE

Of all the guys, Herschel turns me on the most. We've done a ton of things together. He's a caring partner, which is very important, and he's *really* good. I think it has a lot to do with his attitude.

WILLIAM MARGOLD

We have a nickname for Bill—"Old Leather Dick." There's no sensation in it anymore. He can get it up, but he has to be so rough with it. In one scene, Bill asked me to bite it because he couldn't feel anything else. So I did. I was really ginger about it, and then he said, "No—harder than that." I don't like to hurt people. On the plus side, he's very professional. If I wanted to play checkers and have him fuck me doggy-style, he'd do it. He's good to perform with that way.



LISA CINTRICE

Lisa is the kind of stuff I'd bring home as often as I could. I still masturbate fairly often, and I would say a good part of my masturbatory fantasies are about the things I've done with Lisa. Devastating sex. She just loves sex. I could take Cintrice to a men's-room toilet in an X-rated-movie theater and have her suck off guys who come in. That's pretty sizzling stuff.



VANESSA DEL RIO

She's my childhood fantasy of what a porn star should be. She's an incredibly hot Cuban. The ultimate fantasy-slut. She's wide open and very intense—extraordinarily sexual. The best times I had with Vanessa were off the film set.



SHARON MITCHELL

Sharon is one of my all-time favorites. She does real nasty things. In one film she was bent over a table, and I was licking her ass, and it was just the way she had of getting into that. She was slowly rolling it in front of my face. A very sexual person. However, Sharon was into women maybe a little more.





JOHN HOLMES

He's too big. It hurt. I've worked with John four times, and every time, I ended up going home bleeding. He's very gentle too. That's not the problem. It's size. It's like somebody's arm or something. "Here, stick your leg in here." It's like having a baby.

JAMIE GILLIS



As long as he doesn't break your nose and come in your eye, he's a great guy. First time I ever did a film, *800 Fantasy Lane*, I had the joy of working with Jamie Gillis. I didn't know Jamie could get kind of rough. Well, I had pinkeye during this film. During our sex scenes, Jamie came in my eye. Two days later it was a cage scene, and I was painted as a leopard. Jamie was the crazed animal tamer. He started swinging the whip around, hit me in the face with the handle and broke my nose. Since then I've worked with Jamie, and he's calmed down a bit.



SHAUNA GRANT

Shauna's films haven't really come out yet, but watch out! Oh, God, what an ass! And she loves to tease. She's so good, I developed a little crush on her during filming. We had one private thing and made one film. I was so happy we had a chance to work together.

ANNIE SPRINKLE

Annie is Jewish, and I think that makes a difference. Annie will do anything, from being stump-fucked by an amputee to golden showers, because she's as intellectually curious as she is physically curious. But she's not really my type. I've never gotten into any real heavy, kinky scenes with Annie. When we were together, she just wanted to be on top and dangle her huge tits in my face.



VERI KNOTTY

She's a crazy girl. I did a loop with her and a midget once. Her only trouble is her claim to fame—the fact that she can tie her cunt lips into a knot. When a woman ties her cunt lips into a knot, that's when I try and look for the exit.

VERONICA HART

The first time I worked with Veronica, she was a great, juicy fuck. She was pretty new in the business then. Later on it just wasn't hot stuff anymore. It's often the case for me that the very first time with a woman is the most exciting. But she's the kind of girl who can handle any situation, and I'm the kind of guy who can handle any situation; so we always tried to make it look like it felt good in later films.



SAMANTHA FOX

I don't remember any particularly terrific sex scenes with Samantha. We always played these strange roles together. In *Amanda by Night*, I fucked her while she was supposed to be dying from a drug overdose. She also takes her acting too seriously. I'd rather have some little slut who's not such a great actress . . . someone who's just there to get laid and paid.

LISA DELEEUW

I'm not particularly into redheads with big tits. What usually happens during a film with Lisa is the director will say, "Fuck her tits." It's boring because it's too contrived. The best scene I had with her was in *Coed Fever*. I was allowed to do what I wanted to with her—just lie back and fuck her. She was more receptive when I was more into her, not just fucking her tits. There was a real flow. I can still visualize the close-ups of our faces, and the pleasure was very real.



INTERVIEW: LARRY FLYNT

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other publishers want to admit it or not, men's magazines are used as jerk-off books. There's absolutely nothing wrong with that.

HUSTLER: Besides its erotic content, what makes HUSTLER a success?

FLYNT: The fact that it responds to its readers for *who* they are rather than what we *think* they are. Hefner and Guccione are quick to point out that their magazines are extensions of themselves. That's not the case with HUSTLER. We've always been very much concerned about reader demographics and what the reader actually thinks about the publication. So the features you see in HUSTLER—such as *Sex Play*, *Kinky Korner*, *Beaver Hunt* and the *Honey* comic strip—are there not because I decided to put them there, but because the readers want them.

We don't just rely on our erotic photography to sell the magazine, or we wouldn't have the circulation we have today. We're totally honest and unpretentious about what we do—and extremely daring. HUSTLER is very unpredictable. This adds a certain appeal that the other men's magazines don't have. It intrigues the reader; he wants to see what we're doing from one month to

the next. You don't run out and grab each new issue of *Playboy* and *Penthouse* to see what they're doing, because usually it's the same old stuff. We give our readers everything we possibly can.

Sure, we get letters from people who would like to see more-explicit photo-features. The only reason we don't do that is purely and simply a marketing decision. We could not gain national distribution if the magazine were any more explicit than it is. Most prosecutors tend to leave magazines alone as long as they stay away from photos showing erection and penetration. That doesn't necessarily coincide with Supreme Court guidelines, but it seems to be the standard that local prosecutors use.

HUSTLER: What taboos are there in HUSTLER? What *won't* you print?

FLYNT: We don't publish articles advocating bestiality [sex with animals] or pedophilia [sex with children]. We have done articles *reporting* on such subjects, but we have never placed ourselves in a position of supporting these types of behavior. Let's take each subject one at a time. I strongly feel—and I think others share this opinion with me—that sex between people is one thing, but sex between people and animals is totally wrong. Yet if somebody else decided to publish a magazine advocating bestiali-

ty, I think he has a *right* to publish it.

HUSTLER: Despite your position on bestiality, isn't it true that your first sexual experience was with a chicken?

FLYNT: Yes, when I was just a little boy. I was so young, I didn't know what I was doing. Since then I've heard a lot of stories about guys who were raised on farms. But I've never had a repeat performance with a chicken.

HUSTLER: When you pass a Colonel Sanders franchise, do you still get aroused?

FLYNT: No, nothing like that.

HUSTLER: Why don't you publish articles advocating pedophilia?

FLYNT: Simply because when you talk about sex with a child, you're talking about violating the rights of someone who's not old enough to speak for himself. Recently there's been a lot of publicity concerning the North American Man-Boy Love Association and the Rene Guyon Society—two organizations that advocate and promote sex between adults and children. The fact that sexual exploitation of children is taking place on a mass scale today really sickens me. I think of my own children being lured into such a situation, and it makes me cringe. Don't get me wrong; I'm a strong advocate of sex education, at a very early age.

HUSTLER: How early?

FLYNT: From the time they're born, children should be educated in the home. Society hasn't reached the point where we can depend on our educational institutions or the Church to provide meaningful sex education for them. The sad thing about this situation is that most parents are too ignorant about sex to be able to adequately explain things to their sons and daughters. So most kids find out what they know about sex from talking to one another in school or exploring one another in a back alley.

You would be surprised what kids in the sixth and seventh grade do. The fact that so many 12- and 13-year-olds get pregnant is a result of the inadequate sex education they've received. Despite birth control, teenage pregnancies are still soaring. This results in children who are unwanted and can't be cared for properly. There's nothing wrong with sex, but some responsibility should come with it. Unfortunately, responsibility is not being taught to our children.

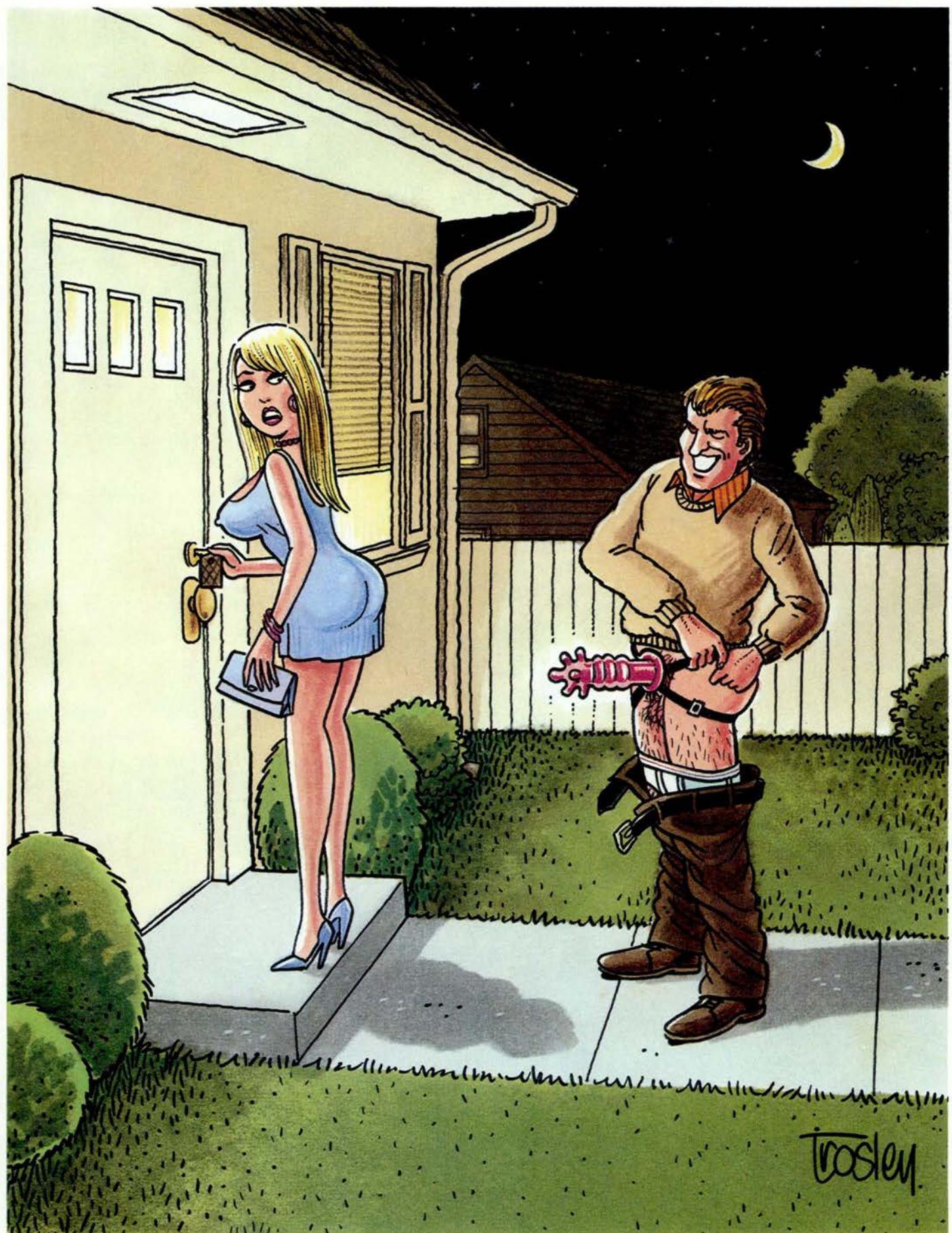
HUSTLER: On radio interview shows you've often been attacked for making HUSTLER available to children.

FLYNT: People who make those accusations are misinformed. I've never said that HUSTLER's a magazine for children. In fact, HUSTLER is one of the

(continued on page 112)



"The stork brought you!"



"I guess you won't be satisfied with just a good-night kiss at the door!"



THE COMING

A multimillion-dollar inheritance . . . a beautiful widow with a deadly secret . . . and a sex-crazed demon that haunted her nightmares. But the true horror started when the nightmares became real.

FICTION BY J. BRADFORD OLESKER



The sidewalk was wet, and it glistened, black, from the streetlamps overhead. Janet could hear the *click-click* of her high heels as she walked, but that was all. There was no traffic, no passersby, not even a stray cat—only the bleak bricks of the worn-out buildings. Earlier it had been raining; drizzling, really. But it had stopped now; so even the element of weather was missing. Janet was alone in this maddening vacuum. But the terror, the true terror, was knowing that she wasn't going to be alone for long.

It's only a dream; only a dream. How many hundreds of times had she told herself that, in the foolish hope it would bring relief? It brought none. Instead, it brought a brooding sense of dread because it meant she had no control over what was to happen. Money and position and connections couldn't save her from the alley that lay just 20 terrible paces ahead. *Stop. Turn around. Run.*

Janet looked down at her tapered legs, legs sheathed in filmy black nylons, legs that refused to obey. She closed her eyes, but it was as if her lids were transparent. Soon she stopped by the edge of an apartment building, its corner blunted and chipped from years of exposure to the elements. Unable to stop herself, Janet turned and peered into the consuming darkness.

She squinted, trying to see better. Suddenly, she was conscious of pain in her thighs, and she looked down to see her fingernails digging into the expanse of skin just below the hem of her miniskirt. Rivulets of blood trickled down her legs from the points where her nails had broken the skin.

"Janet," it said, snapping her attention back to the blackened alley. "I knew you'd come."

Dream. It's only a dream. Yet the voice wasn't only a dream. The voice was real, though she couldn't bring herself to think who owned it.

"I don't want to be here."

"Of course you don't," it replied, still hidden in the shadows. "But you are here, and you know what's going to happen, don't you?"

She nodded yes and felt her hands fumbling beneath her skirt.

"You know what you have to do."

Again she shook her head, her hand traveling up her thigh, to the elastic band of her satin panties. Gently she reached a single finger beneath the band, touching the warm pulse of moisture already pooled there.

"Then prepare yourself," it said.

She thrust upward, hard, jamming her finger into her vagina, and though her lips were already engorged and wet, there was still pain. She screamed out

from the pain, just as the shape in the alley moved forward—lewd and looming and filled with a lust that would engulf her completely, giving her no pleasure at all... only pain and agony and a knowledge of the depths of hell itself.

The scream continued to pour from her, and as she screamed, she found she could move, turn, run. And she ran and she screamed, screamed for her life... for her very soul.

Her arms flailed out at the tangled sheets and blankets wrapped around her as she awoke from the nightmare. After she opened her eyes, she noted, with detached interest, that her recovery time had improved of late. Three weeks earlier, when she had first begun having the dreams, it had taken half a minute before she could stop screaming.

Sitting at the juice bar in the exclusive Eastmoor Racquet Club, Janet was oblivious to the neatly attired members who strode past her. The designer shorts and tennis shirts they wore cost more than most people's suits and evening gowns, and that was as it should be. The Eastmoor attracted only the cream of Chicago society.

Ordinarily, Janet would have been casting an unselfconscious eye on the bulges beneath the zippers of younger members. But today she was quite troubled. She had to talk with Trudy Patterson. "Hi, Janet," Trudy called from across the room.

Janet watched, with just a trace of envy, as her stepdaughter came toward her. At 23, Trudy had a figure that stopped conversation in a room—not that Janet had anything to be ashamed of. *But 39 is 39*, she thought. Raven-haired and eternally tan, Trudy moved with a grace and confidence that came from having been born into wealth.

If there was one thing Janet was proud of, it was that she never bullshitted herself. Born out of wedlock, she knew she wasn't in the same league as her stepdaughter. Meeting Thomas Patterson at a New York art exhibit had been the one big score she'd been looking for her whole life. Maybe she didn't have the class and bearing her stepdaughter had, but she had the money, and that was what counted—especially now that Thomas was dead.

"Hello, Trudy," she said, leaning across the table to kiss her.

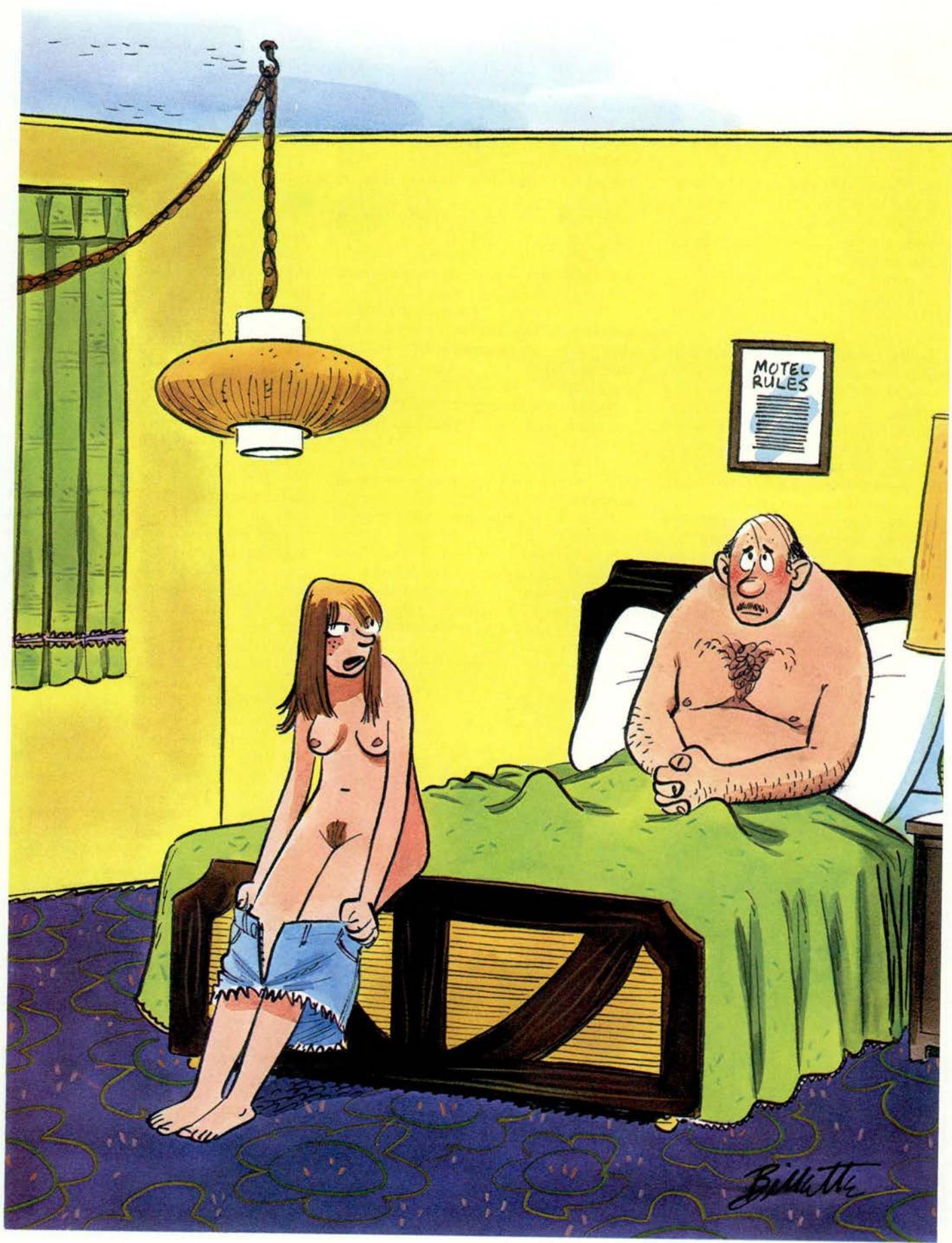
Without hesitation, Trudy reached into her purse. "Oh, before I forget, here are my keys to the house."

Janet took them, then said, "You know, you didn't have to move out."

"Honest, Janet, I feel better this way. It's time for me to have my own place."



"It's a new video game. The object is to come in the girl's mouth, but first you have to get through a maze of excuses!"



"Don't sweat it, Uncle Bert. It's not really incest if you can't get it up!"

Besides, I need a little privacy, you know."

Janet nodded. "What's his name?"

"Michael. Michael Hammersmith."

"Well, you'll have to bring him for dinner some evening."

When the waitress approached the table, Trudy ordered a Perrier with a twist. "Make that two," Janet added.

While they waited for their drinks, Trudy asked, "So what do you want to talk about? You sounded pretty uptight on the phone."

"I'm still having those dreams."

"Oh, no," Trudy said raptly.

"They're terrible, Trudy. You just can't imagine."

Trudy reached across the table and took her stepmother's hands in her own. "I wish I could help. You know I'd do anything."

Janet smiled. "I know you would, hon. You've been wonderful." Lowering her voice, she said, "I think you're the only person in Chicago who doesn't think I murdered your father."

Trudy stiffened. "That's ridiculous! You were never charged with anything. The coroner's inquest *proved* it was a heart attack. Janet, don't forget, he was 73 years old."

"It's always that way when there's a younger woman. People always think you go after an older man because—"

"My father liked younger women. If anything, *he* went after you. I mean, my mother was only 24 when she married him. Look, I don't want to talk about what some gossipy people run their mouths about. The only thing that's important is what you and I know."

"You're right," Janet agreed. Then she added, "But these dreams. They're really getting to me."

"I know how they can be. After my mom ran away, I had—"

"Trudy," she interrupted, "when I first told you about them, you mentioned a doctor . . . a . . . a—"

"A psychiatrist." Trudy fell silent as the waitress brought the Perriers. When they were alone again, the younger woman said, "There's no harm in that. I think it'd be great for you to see him."

Janet straightened. "I don't think I've got any kind of mental problem. It's just that—"

"Remember," the stepdaughter said. "Dr. Morganthal specializes in dream analysis."

"Yes, I do remember. That's why I want to see him. I want someone who can help me out of this. I don't need anybody digging into my childhood. It's just a temporary problem, and it sounds like he might be able to help." Janet shook her head. "At this point I'm willing to try anything."

"Let me set up an appointment."

"Would you, dear?"

Trudy gulped down her drink and said, "Sure, I'll take care of it." She stood, kissed Janet once more and pushed her chair in. "I'll call you tomorrow and tell you when he wants to see you."

Janet smiled. "You're wonderful. I don't know what I'd do without you."

"See you later," Trudy said as she walked away.

Only the slightest twinge of guilt swept over Janet as she watched the girl leave. Thomas Patterson hadn't been very close with his daughter—always traveling to the Middle East to make another deal with the Arabs, always busy with corporate takeovers and the intrigues of Wall Street. Too, he'd been 50 when she was born. And to make things worse, his young wife had run off, coloring his relationship with his daughter.

Janet, on the other hand, had spent plenty of time with the old man. She was his companion on most of his business trips and all of his vacations. Her mind flashed back over the countless gallons of his cum she'd swallowed, the ass-fuckings, the times he'd forced her to make love to black native women while he watched, the countless perversions he had forced her to endure as his lawful wedded wife.

Janet had paid for her enormous inheritance. She smiled to herself, knowing she'd gotten the last laugh on Thomas Patterson, who'd never really known how much she had enjoyed swallowing the cum and getting ass-fucked and sucking off native women. It was part of his fantasy that he was forcing those things on his young bride. But in reality, they fulfilled her own insatiable lust and afforded her a lifestyle she had always dreamed of in the bargain.

Trudy was the only problem. Thomas had left her a small yearly allowance of \$35,000. Certainly it was not small to most people, but when one was accustomed to wintering in Acapulco and driving Ferraris, well . . .

Janet made up her mind she would have to do something about the miserly allowance Thomas had left his daughter. In fact, during the reading of the will just a month earlier, Janet had been shocked. It was enough, she decided, that she was left the bulk of his estate. There was no sense in making Trudy suffer. After all, Janet reflected, she *had* murdered the girl's father.

Janet squirmed as the muscular young man undressed. His name was Jeff, and they had met at the club, which was one of her favorite hunting grounds. Lying

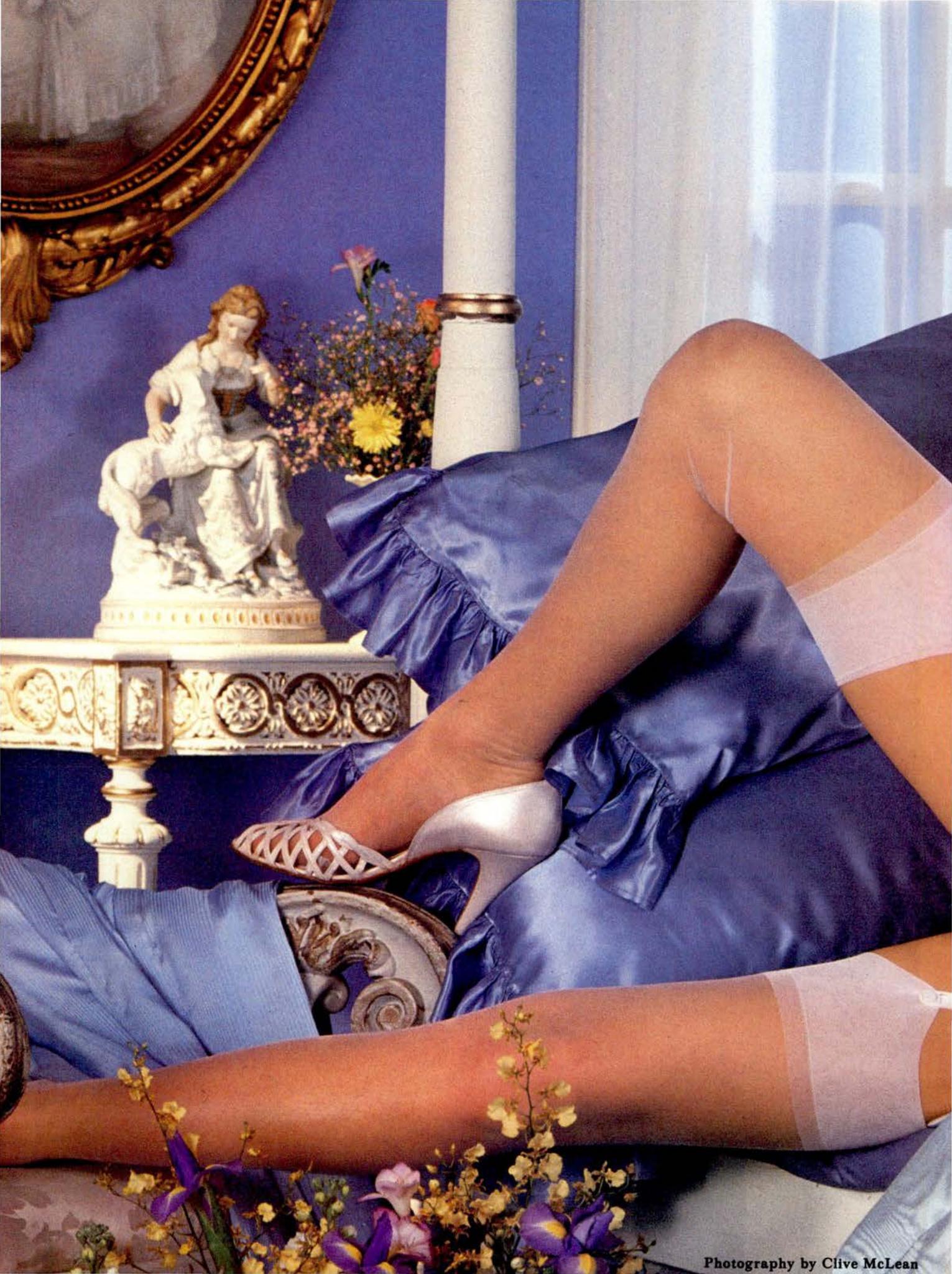
(continued on page 86)



"My blind date was a scrotum—halfway between a prick and an asshole!"



"I thought you were gonna teach him a few tricks!"



Photography by Clive McLean



Alexandra
baby blue



F

or this month's life-size centerfold we wanted a very special lady, and Alexandra is about as special as they come. Not only is she exceptionally beautiful, but she's also multitalented. This British-born beauty, who studied acting in London, boasts an impressive list of film credits, including the horror flick *Boardinghouse*, *The Tender Warriors*, *California Girls*, *Little Moe* and *Beach Girls*. She's also appeared in *The Jeffersons*, *Days of Our Lives* and a host of other TV programs. Her latest role is in the new sci-fi thriller *The Hari*. When she's not acting, Alexandra sings and plays keyboards for the L.A. rock 'n' roll band *Teeth*. Alexandra came to Los Angeles on a vacation two years ago. "I liked it so much, I decided to stay," she says. "England is too cold and wet, and besides, the men over here are simply scrumptious." England's loss is definitely our gain.



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HUSTLER'S HONEY
JULY 1983







The burly bartender walked over to a couple of obnoxious fellows at the end of the bar. He interrupted them by asking, "Hey, do you guys know the difference between a proctologist and a bartender?"

"No," one of the drunks shouted at him, "what's the difference?"

The bartender leaned in close to the two rowdy patrons and muttered, "A proctologist only has to see *one* asshole at a time."

A husband came home early one night and found his wife in bed with another man. "That does it!" he roared. "I'm going to get my gun!"

The woman cried pleadingly, "Don't do that, dear. You know the expensive new curtains in the living room?" Her husband nodded. "And the rec room we built in the basement?" He nodded a second time. "And that trip we took to the Fiji Islands last year?" He nodded again. "Well, this is the man who paid for all that!"

When the husband turned on his heel and made for the stairs, his wife cried out, "Please, not the gun!"

The husband looked back into the bedroom. "What gun? I'm gettin' a blanket. He'll catch cold lying there like that!"

Question: Why are politicians like laundry?

Answer: They only come clean in hot water.

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *orgasm* as: something a woman should have three minutes after a man has stopped fucking.

On many of the newer cars the headlight-dimmer switch is attached to the steering column. The federal government is considering the idea of ordering all automakers to move it back to the floorboard because so many wrecks have been caused by Polacks who get their feet tangled in the steering wheel.

Question: Why did God create woman?

Answer: He couldn't find a sheep that would do windows.

On his first day at boot camp Leroy was undergoing a physical examination by an Army doctor. When it came time for the short-arm inspection, the physician had the soldier's tool in his hand, working the skin back and forth. Leroy, with a smile on his face, was enjoying it immensely. Then, tapping the doctor on the shoulder, he remarked, "Hey, Doc, if that's for the government, it's all right. But if it's just for me, could you go a little faster?"

A hard-to-please lady was in the carpet showroom of a large department store. In the act of bending down to feel the silky pile of a sumptuous rug she inadvertently let out a fart. Blushing and hastily straightening up, she begged the pardon of the salesman standing behind her.

The salesman just smiled. "Don't worry, madam," he told her. "When you hear the price of the rug, you're gonna shit!"

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *gentleman* as: a man who can count a woman's cunt hairs with his teeth and not get a hard-on.

A poor fellow who smoked a dozen cigars a day tried every method and fad but couldn't break the habit. Finally, in desperation, he visited his doctor, who assured him, "I've got a foolproof way to make you quit smoking. But I have to admit that it's a little unusual."

"I'll try anything, Doctor!" the man exclaimed.

"Well, every night before you retire, insert a cigar deep into your rectum. In the morning remove it and put it back in its wrapper with the rest of your stogies. That way you can't tell which one you've treated, and you won't smoke any of them."

That night the man went home and tried it, and it worked. A month later he went back to the doctor to tell him of his success. "Wonderful," the doctor said. "I'm glad to see that you were able to break the habit."

"Thank you, Doc," the man said, "but lately I've been having a problem with insomnia."

"Really? Why?" the doctor asked.

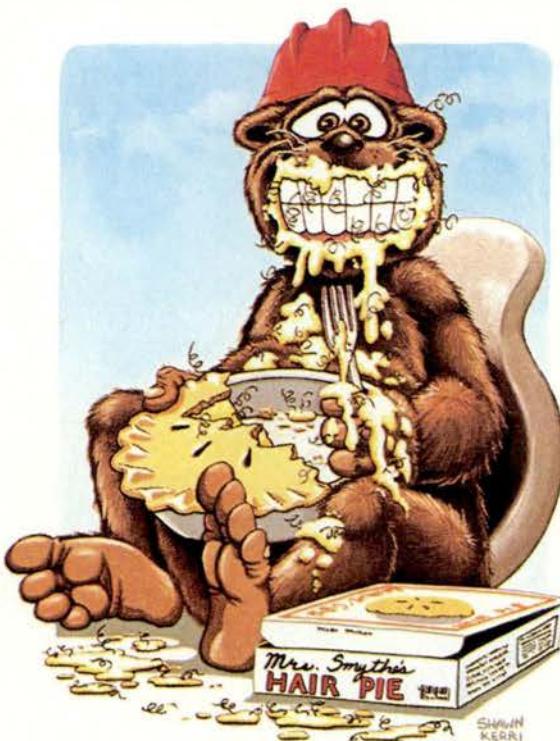
"Now I can't fall asleep without sticking a cigar up my ass."

The caseworker at the welfare agency in a small town was interviewing an applicant who asked for aid for herself and 13 children. "But I don't understand," the caseworker said. "You said that your husband deserted you ten years ago, and yet eight of your children are under ten years of age."

"Oh, I can explain that," the applicant said. "You see, he comes back now and then to apologize."

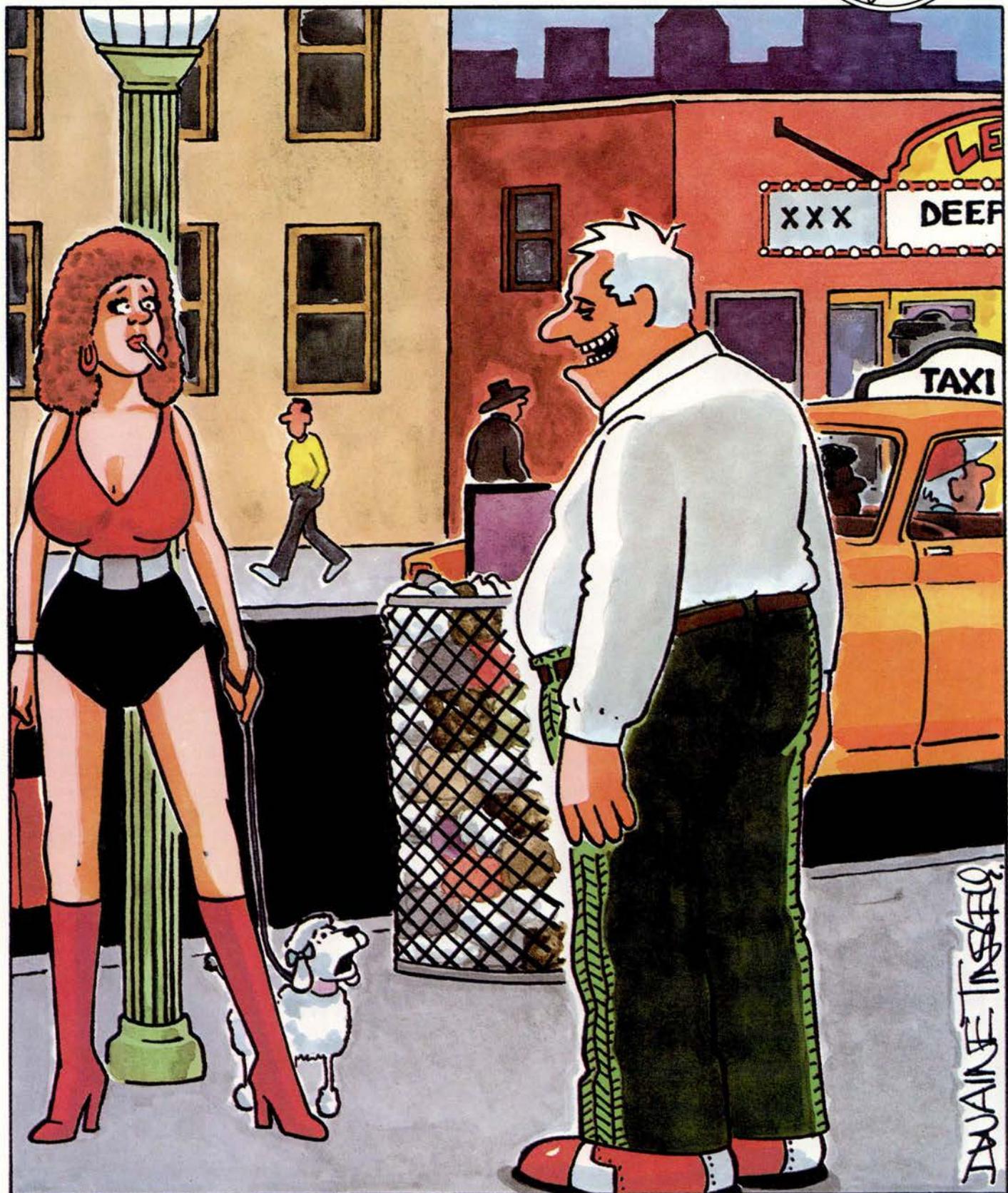
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**...and if you think
that's funny...**

CHESTER THE MOLESTER



DAVINE TASSIE

"How much for a few minutes with the mutt?"

THE COMING

(continued from page 62)

in her bed, not a stitch of clothing on, Janet watched as he peeled down the khaki Calvin Klein slacks that hugged his tight ass. Already he had pulled off his shirt, and she was pleased to see rippling rows of muscles on his back.

She licked her lips as she anticipated the power of his thrusts. Jeff turned around and looked at her, the bulge of his cock visible beneath his briefs. "You like what you see, huh, lady?"

"Damned right," Janet said, stretching. "Get that meaty prick over here."

Jeff laughed as he walked to her bedside. Standing over her, he reached down and grabbed both of her nipples, smiling as her entire body stiffened in response.

"Yeah," he said, "you're a real tough lady. I know how to handle real tough ladies."

Janet let her legs spread apart invitingly. Her eyes closed, she asked, "How do you handle them, Jeff?"

"Like this," he said, bowing his head, stabbing his wet tongue viciously into her bellybutton.

Janet arched her back involuntarily. Jeff answered by reaching his hand down to her bush and ripping his fingers through it, spreading her cunt lips wide.

She was wet, but not too wet, and that was good because it would make the rude entry of his fingers hurt a little.

"Oh-h-h-h," Janet cried as Jeff shoved three of his fingers up into her pussy. She bit her lower lip from the pain, but slowly the hurt melted into pleasure, and she began rolling her hips in measured time. "More, more," she gasped.

Keeping the rhythm of his fingers working, Jeff moved his head up to her breasts, soaking them with saliva, teasing the aching nipples with his tongue.

"Yes, yes, suck my tits, you bastard."

Jerking his thumb against the swelling nub of her clit, the young man took a distended nipple into his mouth, biting gently, then cruelly, at it. Janet groaned in ecstasy, bringing a hand down to cover his, to guide it in its massage of her vagina.

Jeff pulled her hand away from his and hissed, "Get that hand out of there!" Now, her cunt naked to him, he lunged in with his head. His tongue sought that button he had succeeded in so swelling, and before long he was bathing it, flicking it, driving Janet mad with a pleasure few men could arouse in her.

"Fuck me!" she cried. "I want that young prick inside me."

He smiled, looking up from her pussy,

letting his fingers do the work for a moment. His other hand slid up under her ass, a single finger working its way into her anus.

"Oh-h-h, shit!" she screamed as the finger entered her bottom. "I can't stand it anymore."

And then he moved on top of her, brought his swollen prick between her legs and slammed it into the sopping vagina that cried for him. She threw her legs up around his powerful flanks as he entered her, the feeling one of exquisite rapture. She could feel that throbbing penis as it filled her. Then, like a tidal wave in retreat, it pulled free, ebbed.

Soon they began the final ascent, and both of them gave themselves over to the momentary insanity of pleasure. Body slapped against body; lips mashed against lips; thrust pounded against counterthrust. And in that fraction of a second before they both reached climax, Janet opened her eyes.

What she saw caused her breathing to stop, caused her eyes to widen, caused her heart to freeze. It was not a man's face, or anything that was human. The long thick locks of brown hair that had first attracted her had become swirling, swaying phalluses snaking just inches from her own face. Like mad cobras, a dozen demon cocks hissed and snapped at her. Their purple heads were bulbous, engorged with blood, and dark-blue veins throbbed beneath their undersides.

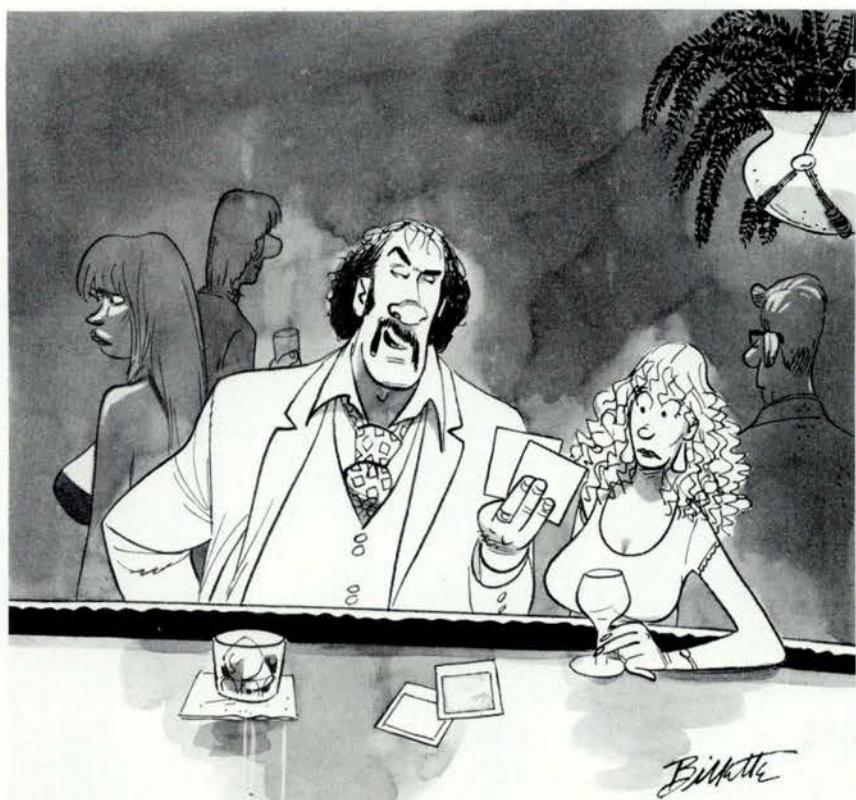
Panic-stricken, Janet struggled to free herself, but it was no use. The creature's hands pinned her down. Now the snake cocks were snapping at her, spouting at her. One of them moved down across her lips, forcing them open so it could spew its deadly semen into her mouth. Two others poked at her eyes, and she squinted and then blinked as they prodded painfully at her. She dare not scream for fear of giving access to that monster determined to wreak unending vengeance on her and make death a pleasure by comparison.

A sound took over, then. Shrieking, piercing, louder than anything she had ever heard. And Janet rushed toward the sound, knowing it was her only chance.

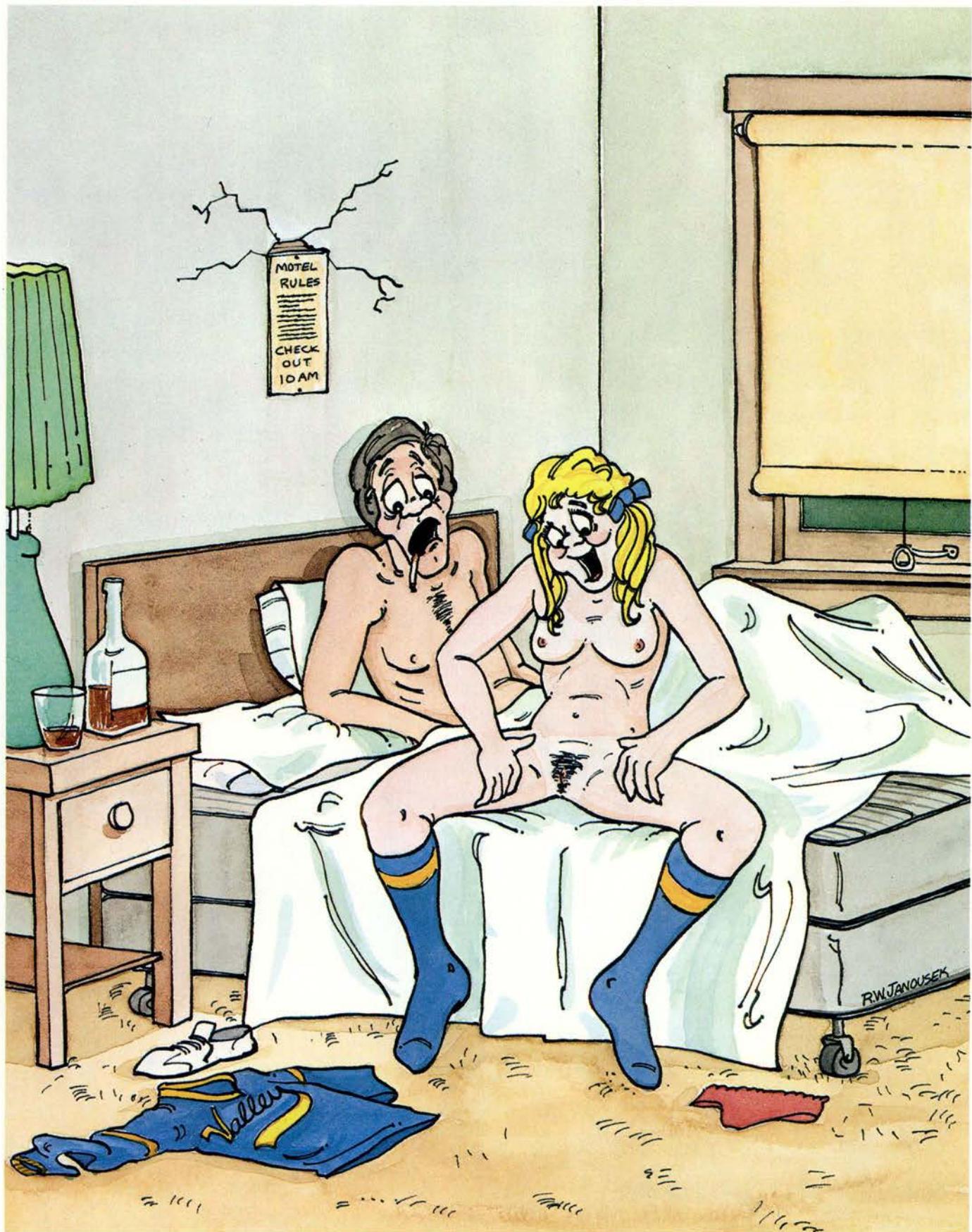
Her eyes ripped open as she broke from the dream. She convulsed as the phone continued ringing, fearful that she was being thrown back into the nightmare. Janet moved on the sweat-soaked bed and reached for the telephone. Lifting the receiver from its cradle, she muttered, "Hello?"

"Janet?" It was Trudy. "Did I wake you?"

She looked at the clock-radio: 10 a.m. "Yes, thank God." (continued on page 98)



"Here're some photos of my cock and stereo equipment.
Wanna come back to my place?"



"Gee!! Look at this, Mr. Johnson. My dandruff is moving all by itself!"

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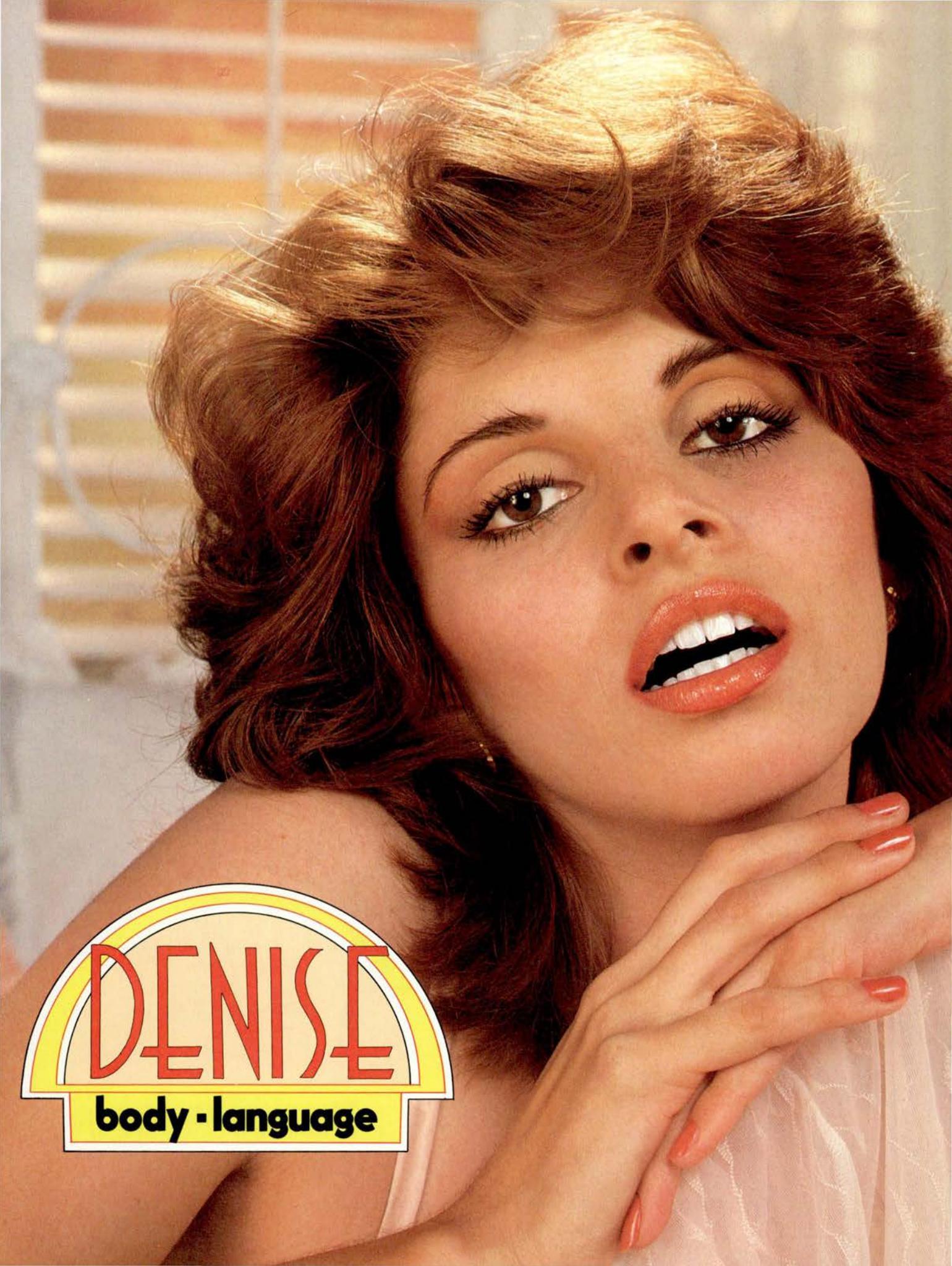
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DENISE
body · language



Photography by Clive McLean





Wthink bodies are beautiful," says 22-year-old Denise, "and I don't think they should be hidden. You can say things with your body that words just can't express." When this sensuous brunette isn't showing off her body in front of the camera, she works as a dental-assistant instructor at a Los Angeles trade college.

"I like to turn men on," Denise admits. "That's why I like modeling. I like seeing that look in a guy's eye and knowing exactly what he's thinking. It gets me hot." Denise says she's still a one-man woman but confesses, "I've always had this fantasy of making it with two guys at the same time. I'd like to do it outside in a mountain stream, with the water rushing between our legs and the sun beating down on us, making everything hot."

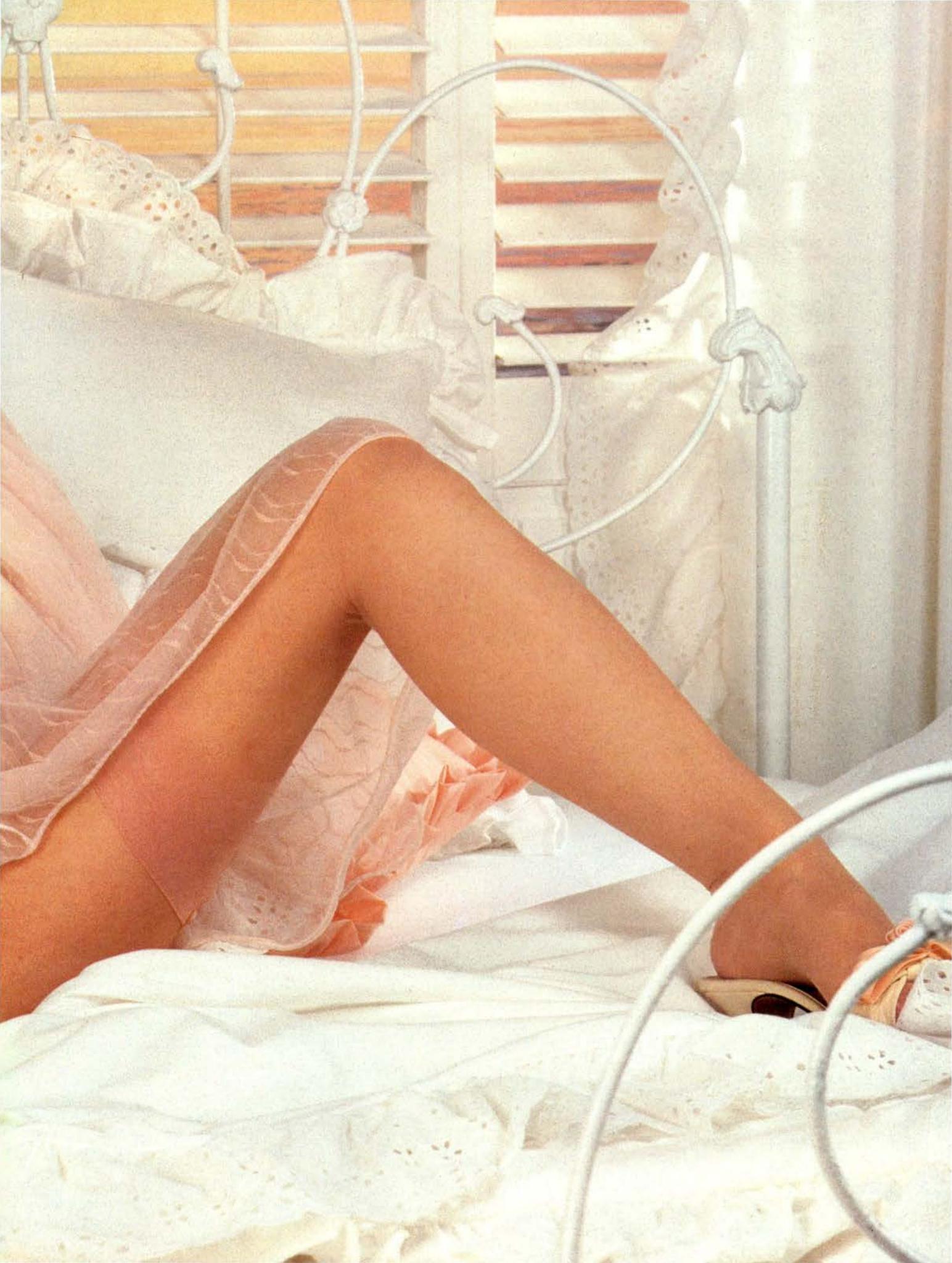












THE COMING

(continued from page 86)

"Another dream?"

"Yeah."

"Well, chin up. I've got you an appointment with Dr. Morganthal today at four. Can you make it?"

"You'd better believe it!"

* * *
"And how often have you been having these dreams, Janet?"

"Three, four times a week."

Dr. Morganthal scribbled a note on his pad. Janet had liked him from the moment she'd walked into his office 45 minutes earlier. He was easy to talk to, and before five minutes had passed, she'd asked him to call her by her first name.

He seemed a bit young—35 or so. But the impressive gallery of diplomas on the wood-paneled wall behind him said he knew his business. Janet wondered if Trudy was fucking the psychiatrist. He wasn't a bad catch: square jawline, bushy black eyebrows and hair. Looking at his long, tapered fingers, Janet was confident she could estimate the length of his cock.

"I know this all seems frightening to you, Janet, but it's really a normal response. You've suffered a terrible loss, and it's—"

"But there must be something I can do about this."

"Time will take care of it, Janet. You need to get on with the rest of your life. You've stopped yourself up. When you begin to flow naturally again, everything will come back into place, and the dreams will disappear." He pouted his lip, thinking. "If it was a different kind of dream, about different things, maybe—"

"What is it?" Janet interrupted.

"Nothing," he said, smiling. "It has nothing to do with you."

"You were saying something about a different kind of dream."

Morganthal stood and walked out from behind his desk. "It isn't important, because you aren't having that kind of dream."

She didn't stand. "What kind of dream?"

"Never mind. Let's concentrate on you." He took her by the arm, assisting her out of the chair. "I'm giving you a prescription for Valium." As they walked to the door, Morganthal said, "If you feel at all troubled by anything, feel free to call me." He handed her a card. "My home number's on the back."

"Thank you, Doctor. I feel better already."

* * *
It was less than 48 hours later, a little

past two in the morning, when Janet clutched the phone in a death grip with her hand. Her knuckles were white.

A sleepy voice answered, "Yes?"

"Doctor, this is Janet Patterson."

"Janet? . . . What is it?"

"A dream, Doctor." She drew a deep breath and said, "It was the most horrible of all."

"Well, I told you it's going to take a while before you—"

"No, no," she interrupted. "It was different from the others. Doctor, you've got to tell me what you were thinking about in your office, when you were talking about a different kind of dream."

"How was this dream different from the others?"

Janet looked around her bedroom, still shaking from the terror. "For one thing it wasn't sexual. It was violent. In the other dreams the men were people I didn't know. But this time . . . this time—"

"What about this time?"

"This time I knew who it was. Doctor, it was Thomas I dreamed about. He's been dead for a couple of months, but he was there, alive in my dream, and he wanted to kill me!"

"Be in my office at nine."

* * *
After Morganthal had listened to Janet's description of her nightmare, he sat in silence for a moment. As the moments drew out, Janet could bear it no longer. "Look, I want to know what you know. You're holding something back."

"It's not that easy."

"The hell it isn't, Doctor." She leaned forward in her chair and said, "You're not the one going through this. Now tell me what it's all about."

"There's no guarantee I'm right. It's not acknowledged by medical science."

"Fuck medical science!"

Morganthal stared at her, then rocked back in his chair. "Okay. Have you ever heard of the terms *succubus* and *incubus*?"

"No. What are they?"

"They're spirits of someone dead."

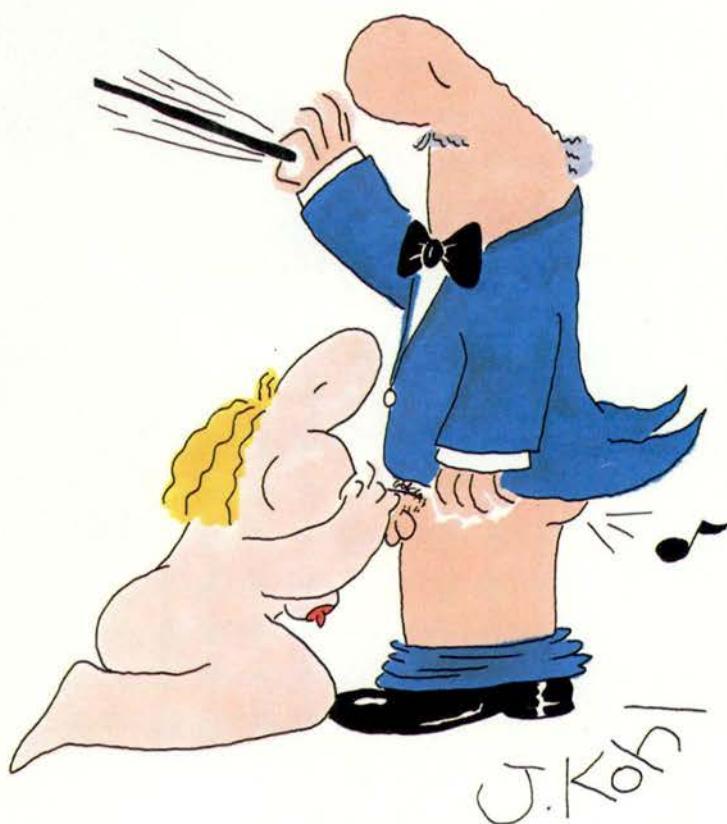
"Ghosts?"

"That's too broad a term. A ghost can appear at any time. A succubus only comes to a man while he's asleep; an incubus only comes to a sleeping woman. Generally they visit for a sexual purpose."

"Why didn't you tell me this before? My other dreams were sexual."

Morganthal shook his head negatively. "They didn't fall into that category. Your other dream characters were vague, unidentified. You can always describe what a succubus or an incubus looks like. It's a very recognizable human form."

(continued on page 104)



HUSTLER'S GUIDE TO SEXUAL POSITIONS









AND FOR ORAL SEX...



THE COMING

(continued from page 98)

"Are you telling me you believe in ghosts?"

"No, I'm not. These aren't ghosts." He sighed in frustration. "I've studied this a great deal. A lot of research is being conducted in this area. There's very little we know about dreams. We don't even know *why* we dream. But we do know that the dreaming state mimics death in many ways."

"Mimics death?"

"Yes. Brain rhythms slow; respiration and heartbeat drop. Another thing: More people die in their sleep, between the hours of five and six in the morning, than at any other time."

"So what are you saying?"

"That sleep may be a sort of bridge where our defenses are lowered, and access from the dimension of death is made easier."

Janet shook her head, trying to understand. "All right. Just for the sake of argument, let's say I buy all this. Let's say Thomas is actually . . ." She laughed at the thought. "... haunting me. Why would he do such a thing?"

"I can't answer that, Janet. I don't know enough. Only you can say."

She stared at him, trying to see if Morganthal was accusing her of her hus-

band's murder. He wasn't, she decided. What he was doing was putting the ball back into her court.

"I will tell you this though. The fact that he was coming to you in a threatening manner means that he believes there is a wrong to be corrected."

Janet crossed her legs and looked away from Morganthal, thinking.

"On the other hand," he said, "the whole theory may not hold water."

Suddenly, she looked back to him. "What?!"

He shrugged. "I told you it's only a theory. The concept of promiscuous spirits may be nonsense."

"Then why the hell are we talking about it, and why are you scaring the shit out of me?!"

"Because you insisted on knowing."

Janet closed her eyes, forcing herself to push the tension away. When she opened them, she said, "I'm sorry, Doctor. You're right. I did push you. So if it isn't that, then what is it?"

"Well," Morganthal said, "if it isn't something external, then obviously it has to be something internal."

"Something within me?"

"Yes. Some unresolved sense of guilt."

Janet narrowed her gaze. "Wait a minute. If you're saying—"

"I'm not saying anything specific."

Morganthal folded his hands on his desk. "Look, Janet, I read the papers. I followed the story of your husband's death. I'm not accusing you of anything. But I *am* saying it's possible you harbor some sense of guilt about something else. Maybe you had an argument with Thomas just before he died, and you feel guilty because the two of you didn't make up. Maybe you subconsciously feel you should have showed him a little more love. I don't know. It could be any of a number of things—none of which has anything to do with what you think I was implying."

Janet relaxed, understanding. "So what do you suggest?"

"I suggest we continue our sessions and try to get you in touch with your feelings."

After a moment Janet asked, "And if you were right in the first place—what if it *is* an incubus?"

Morganthal held a long gaze with her and said, "We'll know soon enough."

* * *

It was night and it was dark, and Janet was alone in her bedroom. She'd taken a sleeping pill, praying that it would blot out the possibility of a dream. Earlier, Trudy had called to ask how she was doing, and Janet had put up a brave front. Now, the wind whipping around the eaves of the house, a pale moon casting long shadows through her bedroom window, she was brave no longer.

Sleep came to her suddenly, unexpectedly. Her emotional exhaustion had so drained her that she had no strength to resist the effect of the pill. And for a long time she slept a dreamless sleep.

Then he came.

She was lying in the very bed she was dreaming in, unable to move, unable to breathe. Thomas stood at the threshold of the room, in the open doorway, dressed in the blue three-piece suit in which he'd been buried. It was now ragged and worn from the fluids that had seeped out after his interment. The sleeves were tattered, and there was a gaping hole in the knee of his trousers.

He walked wearily toward her, his wrinkled cheeks even more hollow than they had been in life. Thomas's eyes seemed sunken back into their sockets, staring unblinkingly.

"You," his gravelly voice intoned, "you murdered me, Janet." As he walked past the light of the window, Thomas raised a ghastly hand at her, and Janet felt her stomach churn in revulsion as she saw the reddish embalming fluid oozing from the open sores as he pointed at her.

"Now," he said, "you're going to pay."

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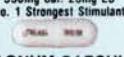
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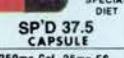
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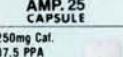
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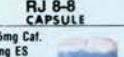
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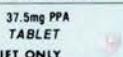
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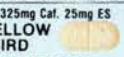
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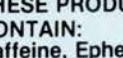
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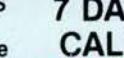
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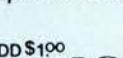
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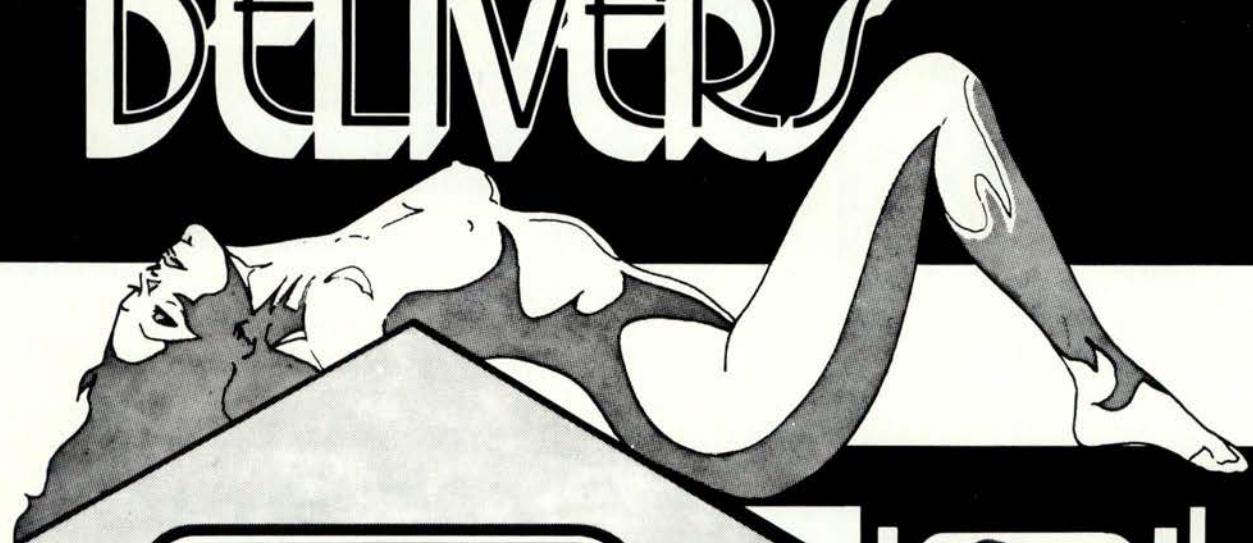
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HUSTLER MAGAZINE PHOTO CONTEST MODEL RELEASE



© HUSTLER 1976

Here is the model release you must send with your entry (preferably, more than one photo) in HUSTLER's *Beaver Hunt* contest—see opposite page. Models should be shown totally nude, and faces must be visible. Novelty photos will be considered. Mail to: HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054.

Please Print

Model's Name _____ Name to Be Published _____

Address _____

Date of Birth _____ Phone (include area code) _____

Model's Social Security Number _____

Occupation _____

Hobbies _____

Sexual Fantasies _____

Include separate sheet if necessary

Photographer _____

NOTE: PRIZE MONEY SENT TO MODEL ONLY
I hereby give HUSTLER Magazine, its affiliates, successors and assigns, and those acting under its permission or upon its authority, permission to copyright and/or publish any photographs of myself with or without my name and to make any changes or any additions whatsoever to such photographs, portraits or any of the above information. I understand that editorial matter will accompany these photos. I also understand that if the editors so decide, my photographs can be published in GENTLEMAN'S COMPANION Magazine's photo contest, *My Woman... My Wife*, in which case the prize awarded is \$50, or in another affiliated magazine for an amount to be determined by that magazine. I certify that I am of full age and am possessed of full legal capacity to execute the foregoing authorization.

WARNING: ANYONE SIGNING THIS RELEASE FORM OTHER THAN THE MODEL WILL BE SUBJECT TO MONETARY DAMAGES AND/OR CRIMINAL PROSECUTION.

I DECLARE UNDER PENALTY OF PERJURY THAT ALL OF THE INFORMATION I HAVE GIVEN ABOVE IS TRUE AND CORRECT.

Model's Legal Signature _____

You will suffer pain and torment unending, beyond imagination."

And then the scream burst forth from her throat, and her eyes opened. Her lungs cried for air, and when she breathed in, it was as if she were breathing the fires of hell itself.

As Janet collapsed on the bed, she heard the voice say, "... pain and torment unending, beyond imagination."

Her eyes went wide with the excruciating awareness, with the inescapable knowledge that she was not asleep, that this was not a dream, that she had heard the voice she had heard and that she was agonizingly awake.

She sat bolt upright in the king-size bed, her stare shooting to the open doorway where she beheld the image she had seen in her dream.

It was Thomas.

Dressed in the same tattered, putrid three-piece suit, he walked toward her, his face wrinkled, his eyes staring, his ooze-coated hand pointing at her. "You murdered me," he accused. "Now you will pay."

"No, Thomas," she begged, her lips trembling. "Don't do this. Don't. Please. Anything."

"You will suffer forever, Janet." Continuing to approach her, he said, "You profaned my grave, swearing in court that you didn't kill me. But we know how you pulled the pills out of my hand, how you refused to call for help, how you watched me die."

"Please, Thomas," she implored, moving from the bed, away from him. "I'll do anything you say. Just tell me. Just don't hurt me!"

A ragged smile played across his lips. "All your life I will follow, torturing you the way you tortured me. Until—" His voice trailed off, as if the grave were tugging at him.

"Until what?!" Janet screamed. "Until what?!"

"Until you confess to killing me. Until you atone for the wrong you have done to my soul." He stepped forward, closer, his arms reaching out. "And now, my Janet, your pain begins."

In terror, she leaped past him, to his right, ran from the room, down the stairs, across the foyer, her voice shrieking all the way. Janet threw open the door and ran out onto the lawn toward the street.

Red lights pierced the area, bouncing their reflection off the trees, and the mortified woman ran toward them, threw herself upon the hood of a police car. A uniformed officer climbed out of the driver's side while his partner radioed that there was a disturbance in their sector. "Ma'am, what is it?" the young cop asked. "What's wrong?"

"He's going to kill me!" she cried, tears rolling down her cheeks. "You've got to stop him!"

The cop looked toward the giant house, then said, "Why would anyone want to kill you?"

"Because I killed him."

"What?!"

"I murdered him," she confessed, her eyes clenched tight.

"Ma'am, do you know what you're saying?"

Janet rolled over onto her back, still leaning against the hood of the prowling car. The second cop approached her. "Yes," she spat, pulling her hair. "I know what I'm saying. I murdered my husband. And now he's back to kill me!"

While this was taking place out on the street, the figure that had terrorized Janet Patterson stood by the bedroom window. He looked out at the scene unfolding below, then grasped his chin. Slowly, he pulled up on the grotesque face, and the rubber mask peeled up and off to reveal another face beneath.

"It's finally over," Trudy said from the doorway. "Thanks to you."

Michael Hammersmith turned to look at her. He nodded. "But I couldn't have pulled it off without the duplicate key you gave me." He walked to the bedframe and pulled out the miniature speaker he'd planted the day before. "After I got this installed, it was a snap to trigger her dream about your father."

"Still," Trudy said, walking to her lover, "the whole thing was your idea: posing as a psychiatrist, playing on her guilt, frightening her into the confession." She glanced toward the window. "You think the police will wonder how an 'anonymous tipster' knew she'd be ready to confess tonight?"

"I don't think they'll care. They've got a murder case solved, and that's the important thing."

Trudy wrapped her arms around Hammersmith's neck and said, "You're a hell of a guy, Michael."

He smiled, kissed her tenderly and said, "You think so?"

"I know so."

* * *

Hours later the house was silent. Everyone had left. But upstairs, in the empty master bedroom, there stirred a sound. And there was movement. The sound was the creak of a hinge, and the movement was that of the closet door as it slowly opened.

Within the black void of the closet the whisper of vapor coiled round and round. It had waited. It had watched. It had seen what its daughter and her man had done, and it was pleased. Now, at last, it could have peace. And then the vapor was no more.

Beaver Hunt

You don't have to go tromping through the woods to shoot the kind of wildlife we're looking for. Just grab your camera and snap a clear, color photo of your favorite Beaver and send it to us. If HUSTLER prints it, we'll send her \$100. Plus, there's always the chance your Beaver will be chosen for an extended photo-feature at professional-model's rates. All

photos submitted become the nonreturnable property of HUSTLER Magazine. Send your entry (preferably more than one photo) to HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. Use the model release on page 106, or a facsimile. And fill it out clearly so we'll know where to send your Beaver her \$100.

Photo by Leonard Wright



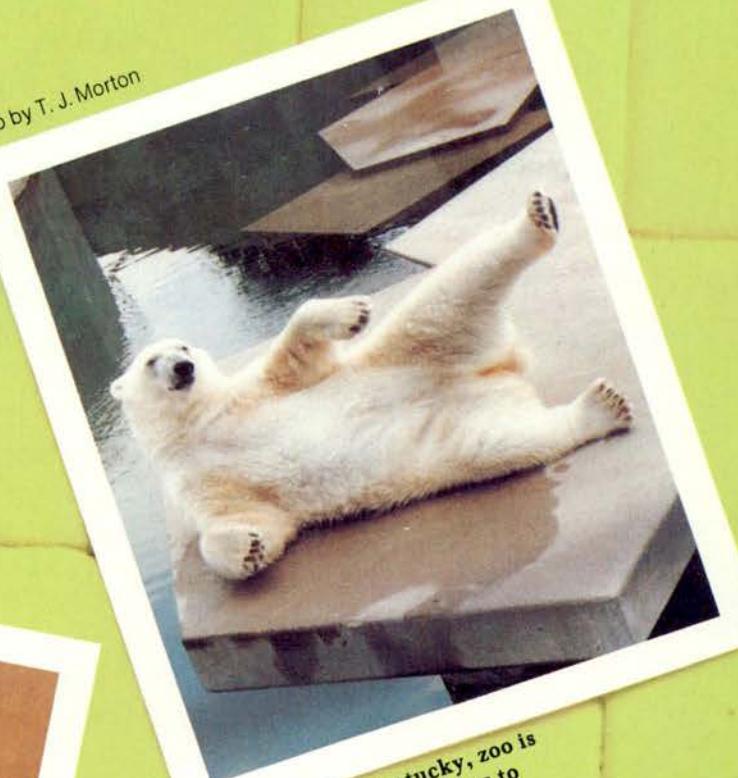
"Swimming and fucking" are Cindy Garrett's hobbies. This 19-year-old dancer from Rome, Georgia, says she longs to "make it with my boyfriend and actress Bo Derek."

Photo by Brendan Barrows



Sandi, 21, is a restaurant manager from Concord, California, who's into arts and crafts. One of her fantasies is to make it with another woman.

Photo by T. J. Morton



Tina, a 22-year-old waitress from Prescott, Arizona, enjoys camping, motorcycles and rodeos. Her number-one fantasy is to be a *HUSTLER* centerfold.



Photo by Husband

The Louisville, Kentucky, zoo is home for "Bear," who likes to spend her days flashing to passing visitors. Her sexual fantasy is to get it on with Goldilocks and two other bears.

Photo by James Freeman



Theresa Mize, 27, is a Benton, Arkansas, housewife who enjoys having fun. She'd love to make it with a man who has ten inches and knows how to handle it.

Photo by W. H. Murray II

Eighteen-year-old Desiree Wilson, who works at a racquetball club in La Crescenta, California, lists her hobbies as swimming, playing pool and sex. Her biggest fantasy is "to tie my boyfriend up and drive him crazy."



Havelock, North Carolina's Cynthia M., 21, is a housewife who likes sailing and horseback riding. One fantasy—appearing in *Beaver Hunt*—has now been fulfilled. The next is to be a *HUSTLER* centerfold.



Photo by Deborah Roberts

P. S., a 22-year-old student from Matteson, Illinois, likes to spend her time dancing and enjoying the outdoors. What about her sexual fantasies? "I have many," she says, "but I'd have to experience them with my husband."



Photo by Husband



Photo by Stewart Mayo

Stacy is a 23-year-old secretary from Las Cruces, New Mexico, who passes her time motorcycling and dancing. Her favorite fantasy is having two men fulfill her "every desire."



A clerk from Chamblee, Georgia, Jessica dreams of taking part in a threesome and posing for a HUSTLER pictorial. This 21-year-old enjoys swimming, modeling and dancing.

HUSTLER®

This image was removed by LFP as per legal obligation

One for the Ladies

Photo by Friend



Thirty-four-year-old Kip Eckrich is a mechanic from Columbia, Illinois, who likes reading and swimming. He dreams of "making love to a shaved girl."

Scuba diving, astrology and collecting lingerie are the hobbies of Liz P., a 28-year-old student from Key West, Florida. She fantasizes about being shipwrecked with her husband and another couple . . . "to fuck the years away happily."



Photo by Husband



Racquetball, oral sex and museums are a few of Janet Clausen's favorite things. A 29-year-old computer operator from San Pedro, California, she dreams of making it with her husband and another woman.

Photo by Husband

INTERVIEW: LARRY FLYNT

(continued from page 56)

few magazines that is sealed in a cellophane wrap and distributed that way to retail outlets which request it—simply so that children cannot browse through the magazine on the newsstands. We have an obligation to protect our children; but we can't limit adult reading habits to what's fit for kids, or we'd have nothing but *Alice in Wonderland* and *Little Red Riding Hood*.

HUSTLER: Why do you suppose that HUSTLER upsets so many people?

FLYNT: In general, those who are opposed to HUSTLER feel threatened by it. They see HUSTLER as a threat because we don't bow to the whims of anyone when it comes to editorial content. We are undoubtedly the most irreverent and iconoclastic magazine published. I guess the most irreverent part of me comes out in the cartoons. We not only publish cartoons that are funny, but also ones that are totally absent of humor—just to make a particular political or social statement. This has added a certain flavor to the magazine that's appreciated by the readers. In our last reader survey, cartoons were listed as HUSTLER's most popular feature.

HUSTLER: Often the cartoons are criticized as being racist.

FLYNT: If you look back over HUSTLER's history, we've poked fun at everybody—blacks, Jews, gays and all the rest. We're not racist; we're just making fun of stereotypes. I don't think there has been a single race we haven't offended.

HUSTLER: How do you respond to those who accuse you of being a racist?

FLYNT: I tell them how I really feel—I have a great deal of compassion for blacks. They've been terribly oppressed, and I don't think civil-rights legislation has accomplished for them what it should have. The unemployment rate among blacks is almost twice that of the white population; they deserve the same job opportunities as whites. They also deserve equal treatment under the law—which is something else they don't have. This country should be ashamed of the plight of black people.

HUSTLER: Some critics insist that HUSTLER exploits, degrades and dehumanizes women. More-radical types even suggest that the magazine encourages the rape and brutalization of women. Are these charges valid?

FLYNT: Those are typical feminist accusations, and I don't think they're at all valid. The woman is considered to be a sex symbol in our society, and she always will be. The photographs of women that we publish are no different from

those in other men's magazines, except that they may be more erotic. The women who pose for us don't feel that they're being exploited or degraded. Nobody is forcing them in front of a camera.

HUSTLER: Why has HUSTLER, rather than other men's magazines, become a target for feminist groups?

FLYNT: Probably because HUSTLER is more controversial than its competitors. We dare to do more than any of the others; therefore, we leave ourselves more open for criticism.

HUSTLER: Do you support the Equal Rights Amendment?

FLYNT: Yes, I do. It's sort of ironic that these feminist groups are after me all the time, since I really do believe in equality of the sexes.

HUSTLER: Doesn't that trouble you?

FLYNT: No, because I understand the feminist mentality. You can't publish a magazine like HUSTLER and keep the dykes happy.

HUSTLER: Critics have also said that "HUSTLER has raised bad taste to a fine art" and that "HUSTLER is indiscriminately offensive." Are those observations valid?

FLYNT: To a certain extent. We do try to have something in the magazine to offend everyone. Of course, freedom of the press means the right to offend. If no one ever got offended, there would be no need for the First Amendment. The so-called Moral Majority is saying that they want to ban HUSTLER and magazines like it. But they ignore the rights of people who enjoy reading HUSTLER. The Bill of Rights and particularly the First Amendment were intended to protect the rights of the individual—not the majority. The greatest right that any nation can afford its people is the right to be left alone. You have to respect someone else's view, whether it be the minority view or otherwise. But censors don't want to accept the fact that you have a right to read whatever magazine you want to or see whatever movie you want to. They feel *they* have the right to decide what you can read and see.

America is the greatest democracy in the world today because of our basic principles of freedom. If any of those freedoms is lost or compromised, we're in big trouble. Our First Amendment gets its vitality and meaning from the unrestricted right of free choice. The courts constantly try to bend this rule, but you can't draw the line on free expression without risking the same sort of consequences that happened in Nazi Germany. The small price you pay for a free press in this country is toleration of every point of view—whether you like it

(continued on page 140)



If you're ever offered a job as a carnival roustabout, take it! Sure, it's hard work, but you'll find benefits too. Those local babes who hang around the midway are looking for the kind of thrills P. T. Barnum never thought of. Don't be fooled by the rustic atmosphere of those podunk towns. "Midway maidens," as we call them, come to a carnival to have the kind of fun you don't get on a Ferris wheel.

Take Mandi, for example. Especially Mandi.

We were working this little town in Indiana, and I was running the Haunted House ride when I spotted her. Talk about foxes! She had shoulder-length reddish-brown hair, pale-blue eyes, and a deep tan set off by a summer miniskirt and a white, sleeveless blouse. I could see she had the kind of body that raised eyebrows—and cocks. Her breasts jutted against her blouse, and I could see her nipples through the thin material as she passed. There was something about her that told me she was on the prowl.

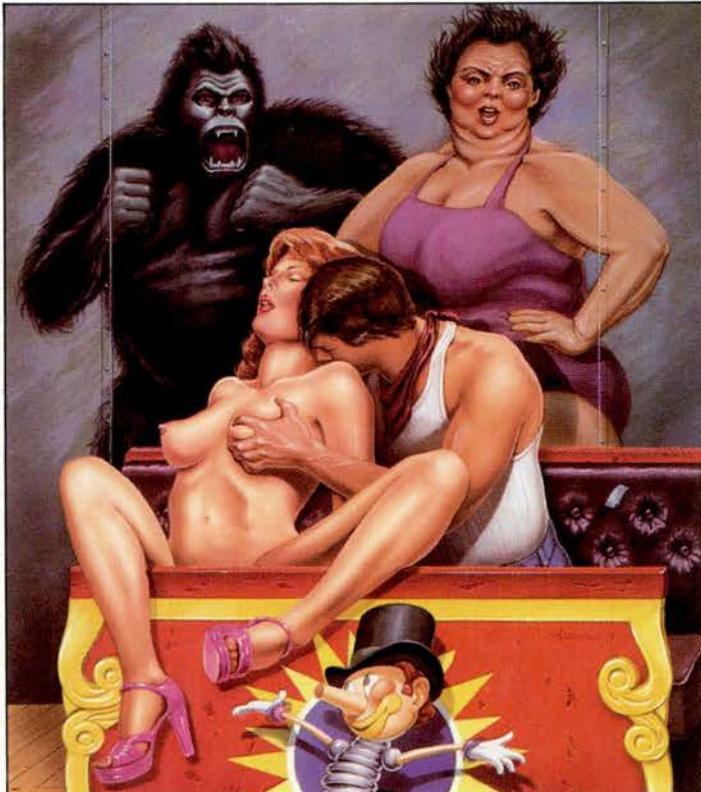
The Thursday crowd was small, and I didn't have any trouble getting her attention. "Brave the Haunted House!" I challenged her in my best barker's voice. "Get the thrill of your life! A ride you'll never forget!"

She said okay, told me her name and smiled when I said she wouldn't need to buy a ticket. What a smile.

Going out of my way to help Mandi into a car, I accidentally—well, almost accidentally—brushed my hand against one of her very firm breasts. I mumbled some sort of apology. Mandi didn't say anything, but her smile broadened. However, before I had a chance to say anything, the drive-chain caught, the gears clanked, and the open-sided car crashed through the double doors to begin its "harrowing" journey.

I returned to the control board, monitoring the lights that told me where the car was inside the house. I waited impatiently. You see, the cars burst through another set of doors when the Haunted House ride ends, and from the control board I've got a perfect view of

Kinky Korner is a column written by our readers—one person's report on his or her personal kink. We do not necessarily support the validity of every statement made here or agree with the writer's opinions. Our purpose is to present honest sexual experiences that will help to open a healthy dialogue among our readers. *HUSTLER* pays \$100 on publication for six-page, double-spaced (typed or neatly printed) manuscripts. Please include a stamped, self-addressed envelope.



CARNAL CARNIVAL

by Jimmy Gordon

every bared beaver that glides on by.

The moments passed slowly. I heard the sound effects echoing inside the house and the car clanking on the narrow tracks. The light board told me it was time to glue my eyes to the exit doors. They burst open. Mandi was sitting with her legs drawn up, feet on the front guardrail of the car, her knees slightly apart. For a fleeting moment I had a tantalizing view of her white-lace panties and shadowy bush.

She wanted to ride through again. I nodded and smiled.

During Mandi's second trip the crotch of her panties had gotten twisted—how it happened, I could only guess. But when the car rambled

through the exit doors, I was rewarded with a mouth-watering display of glistening pink pussy.

The car rolled to a stop. Mandi caught my eye and held it. Slowly, she ran her tongue over her lips. "Ride with me," she purred.

I yelled to Doyle, a friend, to take charge of the ride and climbed into the car with Mandi. I barely had enough time to tell her my name and make some comment about her beautiful eyes before the drive-chain engaged and the car lurched ahead.

The double doors banged open, then swung shut behind us, plunging us into an eerie, black-as-tar darkness. I knew the inside of the Haunted House better than I knew my own house; so I wasn't going to be startled by the "hair-raising" spooks and monsters that we'd encounter—and since Mandi had just gone through twice, neither would she.

I slid across the vinyl seat and felt her hand clutch my thigh. There isn't a lot of room in these cars, but when you know you've only got 4½ minutes to get through the entire ride, you make do with what you've got.

As we glided past the first spook, the brew-stirring Wicked Witch, I made my move, pulling Mandi close for a kiss and gradually easing her down until she lay on her side, her ass nestled against the back of the car

seat. I moved my hand to her breast and, as she moaned, pressed my lips to hers with a deep kiss.

I had her blouse unbuttoned by the time we reached the Headless Horseman, which lighted up suddenly when our car tripped the hidden switch on the track. Neither Mandi nor I reacted—we were too busy! But I could hear laughs and screams about 20 feet behind us—Doyle had apparently let others ride in the car behind us. The Horseman retreated as we rolled on, and I slipped Mandi's blouse from her shoulders. She started to protest a little, but her hands were pulling, not pushing away. I lowered my mouth to her small nipples, sucking and kissing the well-shaped tits.

Honey

THE ONLY REASON HONEY CAME TO THIS BANK WAS TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF ITS ADVERTISED HIGH INTEREST RATES. BUT SHE'S ATTRACTED A LOT MORE INTEREST THAN SHE BARGAINED FOR!

WANTED FOR BANK ROBBERY



"The Redhead" \$20,000 REWARD

FREE \$500 WITH THE DEPOSIT OF A TOASTER!

THAT'S HERI THE REDHEAD! I CAN'T BELIEVE SHE RETURNED TO THE SCENE OF THE CRIME! SHE ROBBED THE BANK ONLY YESTERDAY!

HOLD IT!

LOAN ARRANGER

TONTO

ONE STEP AND WE'LL SHOOT BLANKS!

SHUT UP, JOE!

HEY, WAIT! WHAT'S GOING ON?



ILSA, WHO WAS WAITING FOR HONEY OUTSIDE THE BANK, IS SHOCKED TO SEE HER EXIT WITH A POLICE ESCORT—IN HAND-CUFFS!

HONEY! VY ARE THEY ARRESTING YOU?

I DON'T KNOW, ILSA! GET ME A LAWYER!

FIRST BANK of KENNY ROGERS
"We're Gambliers"

YOU GOT THE RIGHT TO REMAIN SILENT, SWEETHEART. WHY DON'T YOU, HUH?

IMMEDIATELY AFTER HER ARRIVAL AT THE LOCAL JAIL, HONEY IS ROUGHLY EXAMINED BY AN UNUSUALLY EAGER FEMALE OFFICER.

ARE YOU LOOKING FOR CONTRABAND OR A GOOD TIME?

BOTH, IF YOU'RE LUCKY.

IF I WAS LUCKY, I WOULDN'T HAVE A SLUG LIKE YOU TOUCHING ME!

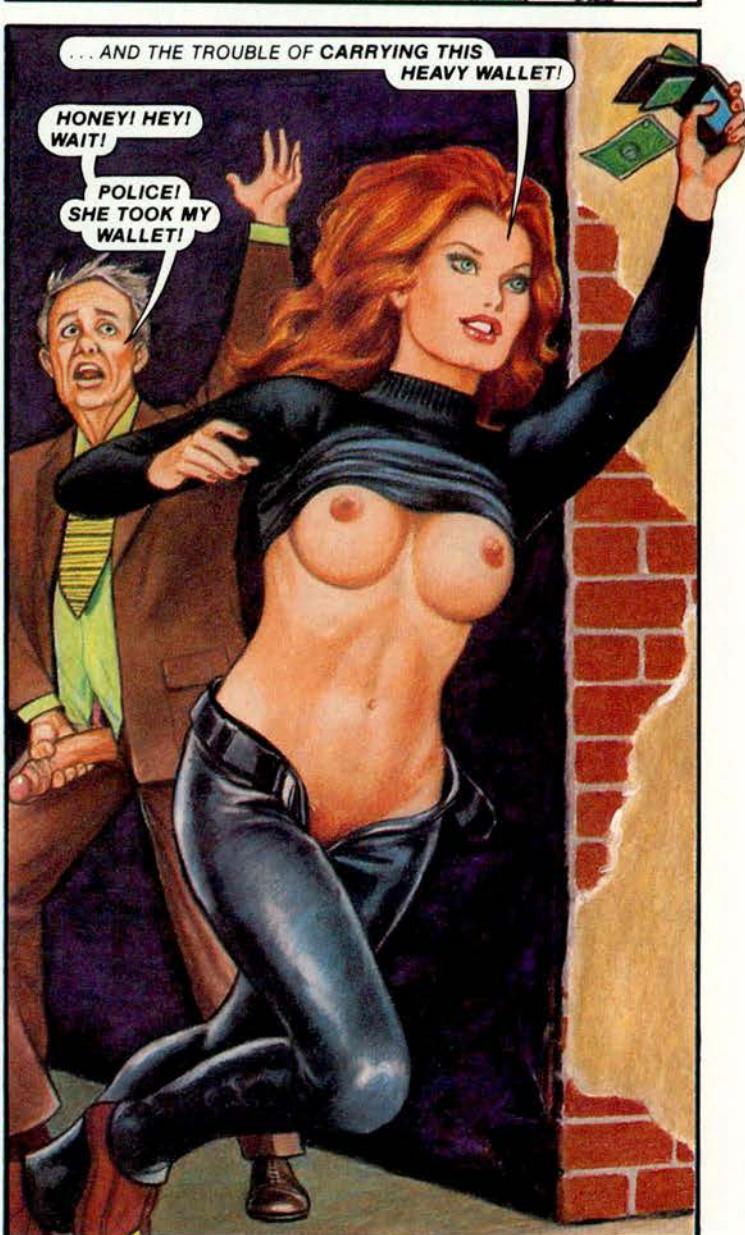
WANNA SEE HOW ROUGH IT CAN GET?

HOURS LATER, AFTER FINDING THAT HONEY IS BEING HELD WITHOUT BAIL, HONEY'S GIRLS STOP FOR GAS AND FIND THE REASON FOR HONEY'S DOUBLE TROUBLE!



MEANWHILE, A BRUISED HONEY HAS BEEN PLACED IN A CELL WITH TWO OTHER INMATES.





BUT THIS TIME, HONEY'S DOUBLE GETS THE KEY TO THE CITY—
CITY JAIL, THAT IS.



BY HOOKER AND BY CROOK, THE GIRLS AND THE OFFICER
BRING IN THEIR HONEYS AT THE SAME TIME.



A BARE EXAMINATION REVEALS THAT THE LOOKALIKE SHOULD HAVE TURNED THE OTHER CHEEK!



LATER THAT NIGHT, HONEY REFLECTS UPON HER SHORT CAREER AS A JAILBIRD.



This column's purpose is to help you order by mail. We advise our readers on how to conduct business with mail-order firms and alert them to frauds, shady practices and faulty products. We also review mail-order sex products, including those advertised in *HUSTLER*, not to endorse them but to let you know what you'll be getting for your money. Since we depend on you to keep the marketplace clean, please write *HUSTLER Mail-Order Feedback*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. Besides to us, we suggest you complain about your mail-order problems to your local Better Business Bureau, state Attorney General's office or the chief federal authority—the Consumer Advocate Office, U.S. Postal Service, Washington, D.C. 20024.

Edited by Lonn M. Friend

YOUR COMPLAINTS

Since your letters tell us which mail-order companies are falling short of their advertising promises, this column depends a great deal on *you*. It's impossible for us to research every complaint, of course... there's just too much mail. But we do read each and every letter and try to respond to as many as possible.

This month we offer a short list of questionable companies that have caused you to write us over the past couple of months. We're not saying that these outfits are total ripoffs... but we've received a large number of complaints about them *from you*.

They include: *Windsor and Merit* (7313 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90046); *Hinton Sales* (11385 Exposition Blvd., Suite 133, Los Angeles, CA 90064); *Complete Mail Distributors* (2265 Westwood Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90064); *Rebel Values* (P.O. Box 39504, Los Angeles, CA 90039); *National Warehouse Sales* (P.O. Box 5342, North Hollywood, CA 91616); *Best Buys* (9903 Santa Monica Blvd., Beverly Hills, CA 90212); *Movieview* (P.O. Box 38191, Los Angeles, CA 90038); and *Color Film Co.* (Box 85051, Los Angeles, CA 90072).

Your gripe about each of these outfits is basically the same: You answered an attractive ad; but when the goods arrived, they were cheap imitations of the products you *thought* you'd ordered. Unfortunately, the misleading ads and subsequent delivery of shoddy merchandise continue—with little or no scrutiny by business-ethics groups. Therefore, it's up to us—and *you*—to rid the marketplace of dealers

that, though we can't call them fraudulent, are very sleazy and tricky. It's a big job, but one we'll continue to tackle as long as *HUSTLER* is published.

BIZARRE BONDAGE

My wife and I really enjoy watching bondage and S&M videotapes, but we've got just about everything on the market. Are there any new products out for us lovers of obedient sex?

—R. P.
Duluth, Minnesota

That perennial purveyor of the perverse, *Bizarre Video Productions*, has just released four new titles. "Bizarre People" (\$89, 60 minutes) features the self-proclaimed Queen of Domination, Yvette Evil. "Adventure in Bondage" (\$79, 60 minutes) highlights the use of such classic bondage "props" as arm-binders, leg-spreaders, restraints, helmets and straitjackets. "Domination in Spiked Heels" (\$79, 60 minutes) stars adult-film actress Jennifer West in one of her more "restrained" roles. And for the not-quite-bondage-loving but still-kinky crowd, "Shannon" (\$89, 90 minutes) follows the steamy sexploits of America's best-looking transsexual star. *HUSTLER* models Pia Snow and Pam Dobbins are also featured in this carnal romp.

Please enclose \$3 shipping and handling *per tape* (and add 6% sales tax if ordering in California). *Bizarre* can be reached by calling toll-free (800) 854-7119, or in California, (714) 534-0501. Or mail \$3 for a catalog listing all its titles.

Note: The tapes mentioned above are *not* hard-core; that is, there's no insertion or ejaculation shown. However, they are sexy and stimulating—mainly due to fine production values. *Bizarre* does carry a limited selection of the harder bondage stuff for those who desire it. Just drop a line, and the company will be happy to help you find just what you want.

ANOTHER VIDEO RIPOFF

*I ordered three videotapes—Filthy Rich, Trash! and Talk Dirty to Me—from Video Wholesale Distributors (P.O. Box 7990, Van Nuys, CA 91409) from an ad on page 120 of the February 1983 issue of *HUSTLER*. For \$108.44 I got one tape titled "Previews #1," which was nothing but an edited collection of scenes from different films. What's the story?* —A. C.
San Bernardino, California

Video Wholesale Distributors is another of those cheap-shot companies that run an attractive (and misleading) ad one or two times, sucking thousands of naive buyers into their fraudulent mail-order trap. The ad in question offered "full-length, top-quality legal tapes nationally sold for up to \$89.95 each." The fact is, *Video* sends a "trailer tape" of edited scenes from several films. They are *not* feature-length, nor are they top-quality. In short, they're absolutely nothing like what is implied in the advertisement.

A spokesman for *Caballero Control Corporation*, the manufacturer of the titles being used prominently in the *Video* ad, told us, "We don't do business with *Video Wholesale Distributors* and are not selling them our tapes." In other words, these guys got their hands on a bunch of *Caballero*'s preview tapes and are distributing them in place of the feature-length films the ad makes you think you're getting.

Stay away from *Video Wholesale Distributors*. And please remember: If you see an ad for any adult film or tape, and the price sounds too good to be true—it probably is!

FAVORITE STARS

I'm a big fan of porn stars Jesie St. James and Crystal Dawn. Where can I get videotapes that feature these two hot lovelies?

—E. I.

Miami Beach, Florida

You're in luck! *VCR (Video Cassette Recordings Inc.)* has just come out with an entire videotape line called *Showgirls*, and each title features a different adult-film star in a series of arousing situations.

"Showgirl Volume 9" follows sexy Ms. St. James through some hair-raising hard-core adventures, while "Showgirl Volume 5" gives you an unabashed look at the anally adept Crystal Dawn. In addition, other *Showgirls* volumes showcase the bawdy bedroom antics of such stars as Vanessa Del Rio, Candida Royalle, Leslie Bovee and Seka. For a special view of your faves, this is one of the best collections around.

To get a free brochure listing all of *VCR*'s titles, call (800) 692-6900, or in California, (213) 701-0181. All *Showgirl* titles are \$49.95 apiece. Include \$5 postage and handling *per order*. These sizzling hard-core tapes are guaranteed against defects. What more could a fan of erotica ask for? 

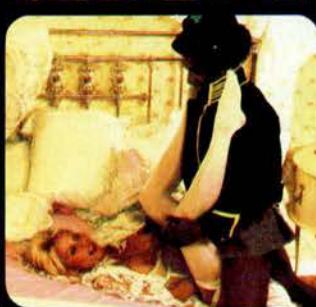
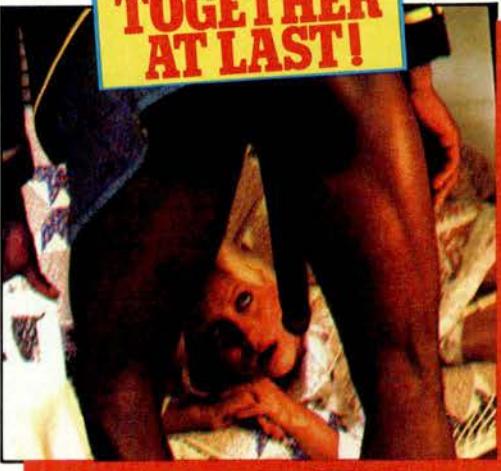
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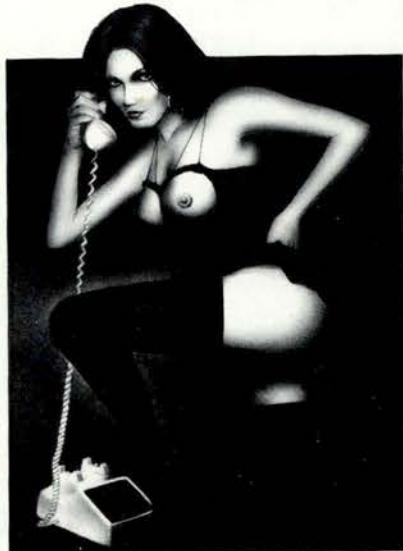


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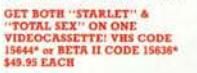
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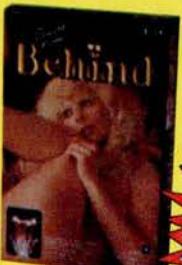
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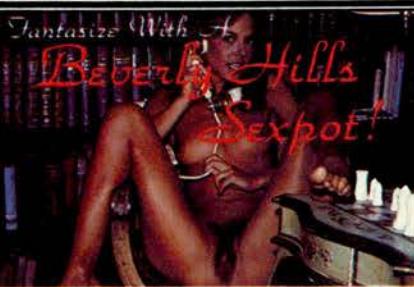
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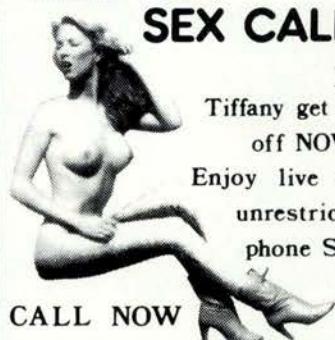
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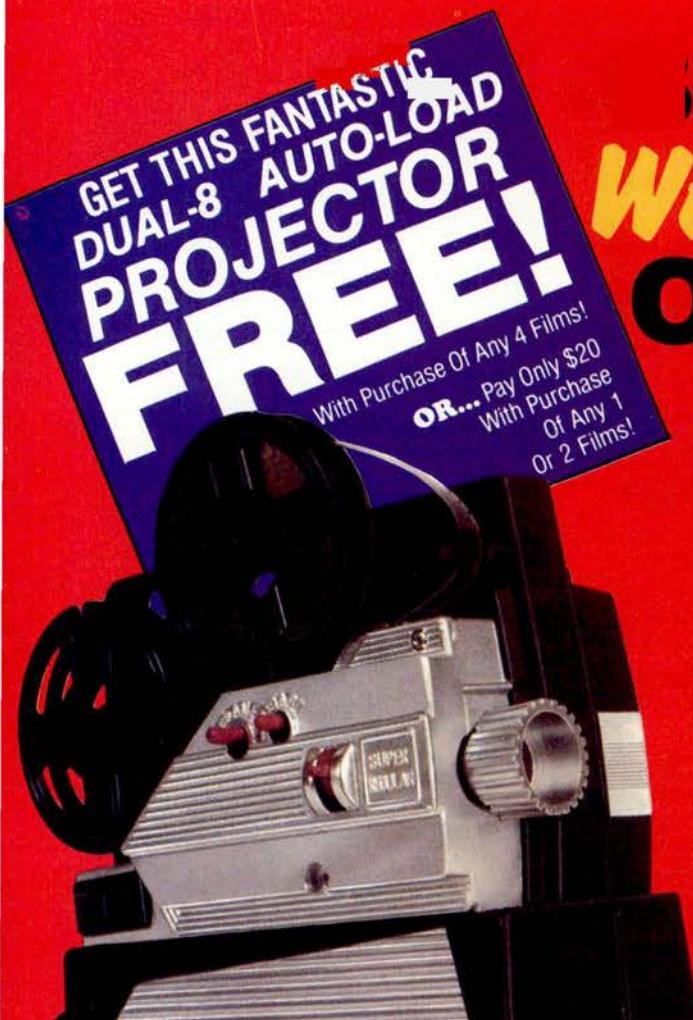
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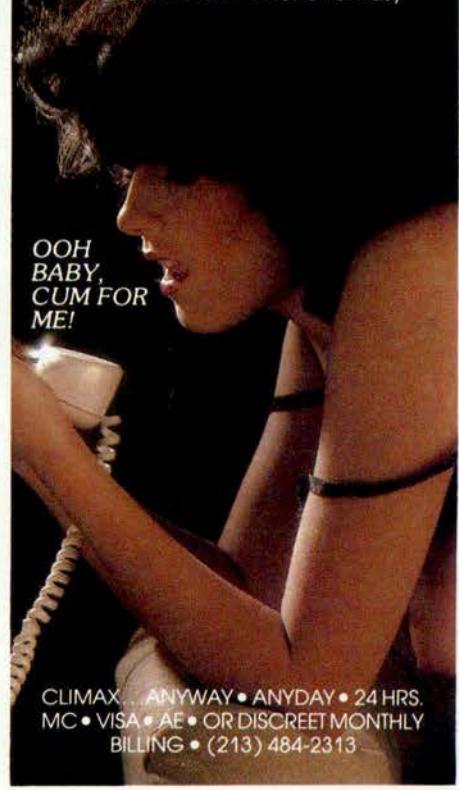


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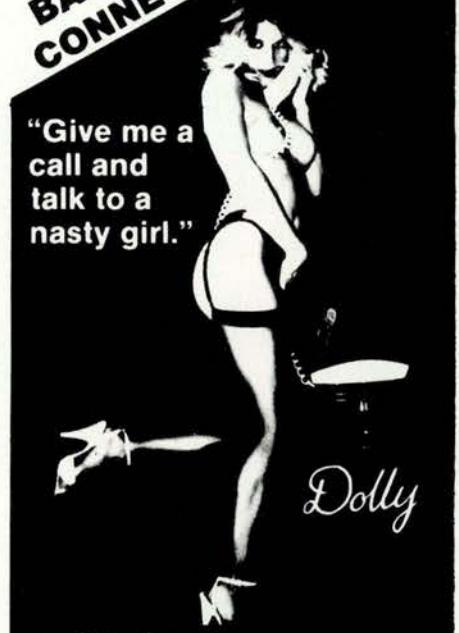
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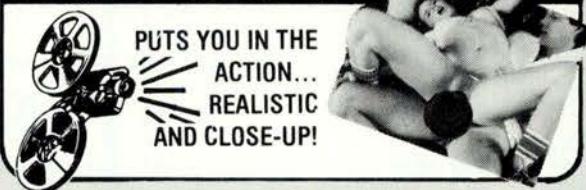
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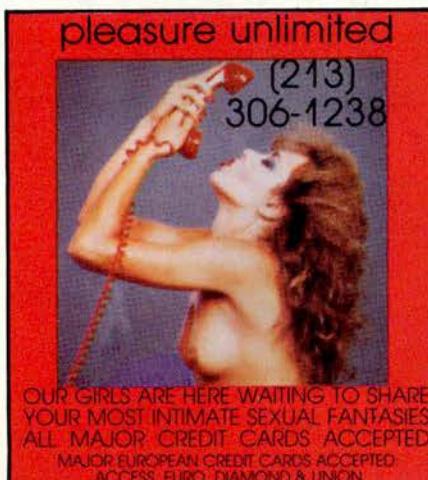
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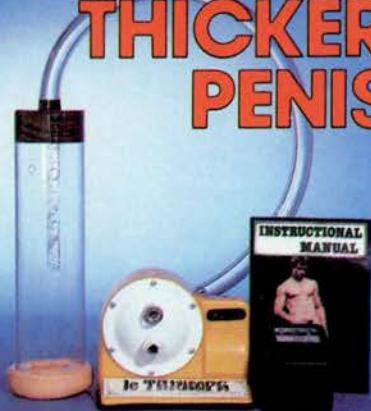
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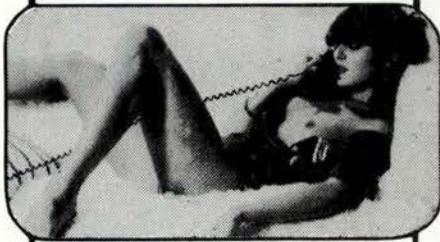
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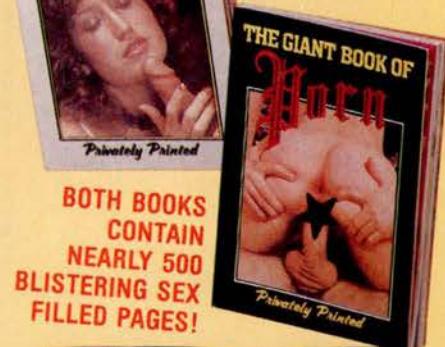
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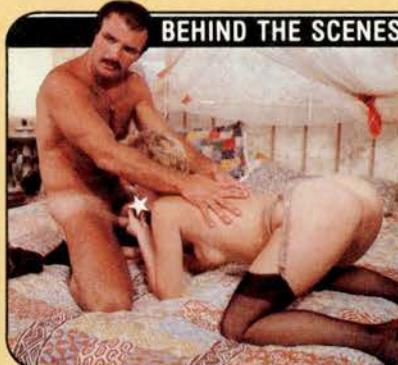
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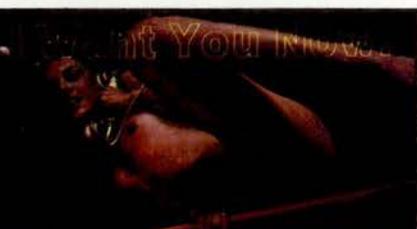
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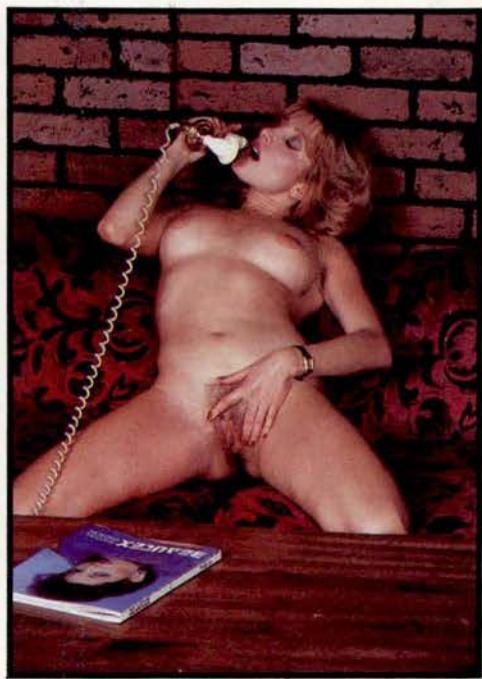
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INTERVIEW: LARRY FLYNT

(continued from page 112)

or not.

HUSTLER: Do you feel that the First Amendment is in greater trouble today than it was 20 years ago?

FLYNT: There's no doubt about it. Many of the civil liberties we gained by rulings of the liberal Earl Warren Supreme Court have been placed in jeopardy by the right-wing conservatives appointed to the bench by President Nixon. It will take this nation decades and maybe even centuries to get over the impact of those appointments. Some of the Court's obscenity decisions under Chief Justice Warren Burger have sown dragon's teeth in the fertile soil of the First Amendment.

The problems date from a decision in a 1973 case, *Miller v. California*. Previously, to be considered obscene, something in question had to pass three tests. The materials, taken as a whole, had to appeal to a prurient interest in sex; the materials had to depict or describe sexual conduct in a patently offensive way; and the materials had to be utterly without redeeming social value.

In *Miller v. California*, Chief Justice Burger wrote an opinion changing the last of the three tests. Ever since, to be considered obscene, material must lack

serious literary, artistic, political or scientific value. That gives prosecutors much wider latitude, seriously compromising people's civil liberties. Let's face it, obscenity is like sin—it defies definition. What might be obscene to one person is not to another. A further dilemma is that even though the Supreme Court has ruled that obscenity is against the law, that doesn't mean pornography constitutes obscenity. I've always felt that all obscenity statutes should be removed from the books.

Search and seizure is another area in which American civil liberties are being eroded. In two recent cases the Supreme Court has given arresting police officers almost an open rein as far as searching individuals in automobiles. And presently, there are several other Fourth Amendment search-and-seizure cases up for review. Depending on how the Court rules, the police could be crashing in doors anytime they want to.

HUSTLER: In that regard, you had an unpleasant firsthand experience several years ago when a Los Angeles Police Department SWAT team invaded your home. What do you recall about that incident?

FLYNT: Someone had told the police that I was being drugged and held against my will, which wasn't true. I was upstairs in my bedroom sleeping one

night when a bunch of cops—who were not in uniform—knocked down a guard outside, kicked and beat him, and bound his wrists with plastic straps. Then they battered in my front door and threatened my uncle, two security guards, a nurse and a cook with rifles, shotguns and other firearms, before tying their wrists and making them lie down on the floor. When they woke me up and saw there was nothing wrong with me, they left. It was an out-and-out invasion of my privacy that reminded me of George Orwell's *1984*. These guys had no identification. I didn't know if it was a robbery or an assassination plot.

HUSTLER: How do you feel about the police after something like that happened right in your home?

FLYNT: I never have had much regard for the police. I'm very familiar with their strong-arm techniques of search and seizure, detaining people and harassing them. The more rope they're given, the more that citizens will be abused. In the SWAT-team incident, by the way, I'm suing the city of Los Angeles for \$1 million in general damages and \$2 million in punitive damages.

That's quite a switch. Usually I'm being sued. We spend more than a million dollars a year in legal fees defending our First Amendment right to publish.

HUSTLER: How has *HUSTLER* been treated in the courts?

FLYNT: There's no way that *HUSTLER* has ever received a fair trial—or ever will receive one—because it's impossible to get an unbiased jury. The average age of our readers is between 18 and 35. The average age of a jury is 60. So the judicial system is having people from another generation pass judgment on a magazine that they usually haven't seen before and, in any case, would have trouble identifying with.

Besides obscenity cases, we're also treated unfairly in other lawsuits that do not involve censorship—such as libel cases. *HUSTLER* is a buzzword that triggers some kind of emotional response in the typical person who sits on a jury. Because of that, it makes it almost impossible for us to have a fair chance for justice. In the obscenity trials I've been through, especially the 1977 case in Cincinnati, Ohio, I got the impression that I—along with *HUSTLER Magazine*—was being held responsible for all of society's ills that have existed for centuries. I've heard numerous self-serving prosecutors insist that our aim is to corrupt the morals of their children. Anyone with even a basic amount of intelligence knows this is not true.

Comedian Lenny Bruce once recalled being told that anyone under 18 was forbidden to see his performances, because

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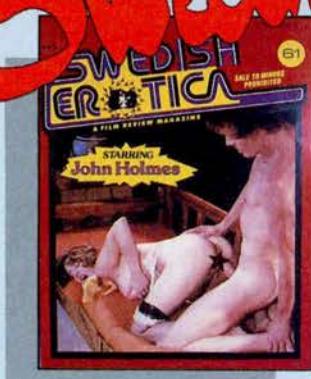
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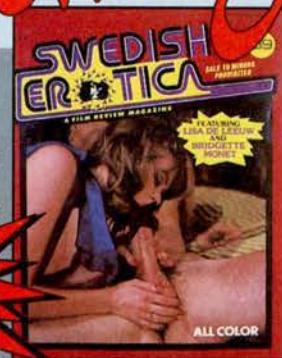
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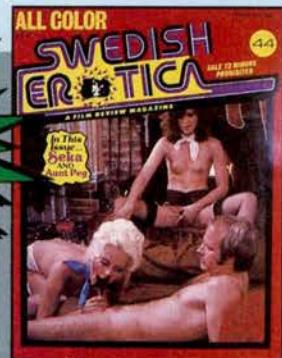


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people of such an impressionable age would be likely to act out what they'd seen. If that was the case, he added, then he didn't want his children to see movies like *The Robe* and *The Ten Commandments*, because they might go out and kill Jesus when He returned. Like HUSTLER, Lenny Bruce's irreverence made him the defendant in many obscenity trials. His lack of respect for sacred cows was an attempt to wake up people to the many injustices that exist in society. HUSTLER tries to do the same thing.

HUSTLER: How have prosecutors treated you?

FLYNT: Well, you can never expect prosecutors to be fair and impartial, because their objective is to get a conviction. Many of them are looking to make a name for themselves by pursuing HUSTLER. During my obscenity trial in Cincinnati the prosecutor was up for re-election; so was the judge. They also had their sights set on greater political goals. You find this in many obscenity cases because the media tends to give them a great deal of coverage. Ambitious prosecutors and judges know they can get public exposure by having their names in print as people who want to clean up the community.

HUSTLER: In the past, you've been known for your outspoken political

views. At one time you supported the Libertarian Party. What are your present political leanings?

FLYNT: I'm now an independent. The weakness of the Libertarians in coming up with workable economic programs has changed my mind about their ability to ever become a viable third party. But when it comes to individual rights and the First Amendment, I still find the Libertarian philosophy attractive. They feel, as I do, that we should have government by the people—which is not what we have now. In theory we're supposed to have it, but in practical application we have a bankrupt democracy. I think it was Lenin who once said that the problem with democracy is that it will destroy itself from within. We're seeing that happen now with the depressed state of the economy, the unemployment rate being as bad as it's been since the Great Depression. I don't even think another world war would do anything for the economic situation we find ourselves in now. The only thing World War III would achieve is the total destruction of civilization, which I feel is inevitable. Some nut like Kaddafi of Libya is going to get hold of the Bomb, the fireworks are going to start, and it's going to be all over.

HUSTLER: How do you feel about the nuclear-freeze initiative?

FLYNT: It's no more than pissing against the wind. Enough nuclear arms to destroy the world many times over already exist. Limiting the numbers isn't going to solve anything. What difference does it make whether you have 1,000 missiles or 2,000 missiles with nuclear warheads? Those who favor the nuclear freeze would like to see nuclear weapons eliminated altogether. That'll never happen. All their protesting is futile, because the Reagan Administration is going to do what it wants to do.

HUSTLER: How do you assess Reagan's performance in office so far?

FLYNT: I still can't believe that Ronald Reagan is President. When you stop and think about his qualifications for the job, there are none. Recently in Los Angeles a week of Ronald Reagan films played on television. He wasn't even a good movie actor. And that's all he's doing as President—acting. He's got a smooth way of talking. He tries to come across with a fatherly image, and a lot of desperate people want to believe in him—so they do.

Reagan's getting blamed for the present economic depression, which I don't think is entirely his fault; but on the other hand, he's not capable of doing anything about it either. He's not intelligent enough to take initiative on his own or to listen to competent advisers, which he doesn't have anyhow. No wonder that the polls showed him being more unpopular in mid-term than any of his four predecessors. What this country needs for a President is a businessman, because the U.S. is Big Business—and it should not be run by professional politicians and movie actors.

HUSTLER: What has caused America's current economic mess?

FLYNT: Several factors. The rising value of the dollar on the foreign market, which makes our exported goods cost more, has severely restricted our ability to trade with other countries. At the same time, what we import costs less. This imbalance hurts us dramatically. Our textile industry is seriously hampered because of the textiles we're importing from China. We're importing one-fourth of all the steel we use from West Germany and Japan, whose economies are booming. It makes you wonder who really did win World War II. I think there needs to be a complete re-thinking of the Foreign Trade Act. Charity should start at home.

HUSTLER: With 13 million Americans out of work, there has been much criticism of the hundreds of millions of dollars in American aid sent to prop up military regimes in such nations as El Salvador and Guatemala. How do you stand on this issue?

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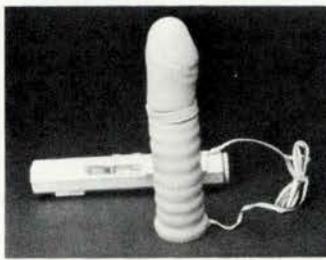
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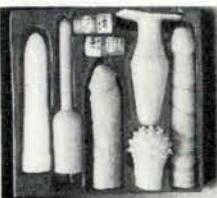
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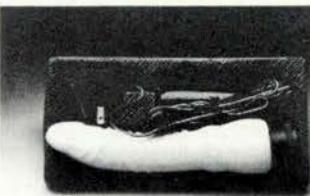


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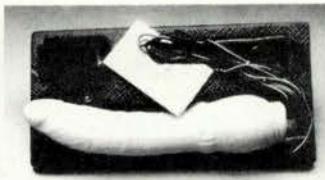


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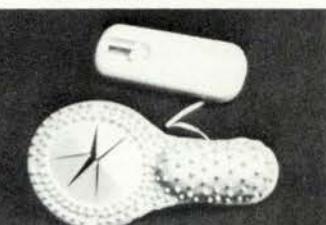
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FLYNT: It really grieves me that so many Americans are not only out of work but homeless, while we're wasting money overseas that could be better utilized to take care of our own people. Our government justifies putting out all of this foreign-aid money by saying it's necessary to fight the Communist war machine. That's the biggest farce there is. The Russians and the Chinese don't want war any more than we do. But of course, our politicians try to paint a different picture. There needs to be massive cuts in foreign aid and defense spending. The money saved should be put back into our own economy.

HUSTLER: You were 40 years old last November, an age that's usually considered a milestone. What were your thoughts on that occasion?

FLYNT: To tell you the truth, I probably had less to think about when I turned 40 than most people do, because many of my dreams seem to have fallen by the wayside as a result of being paralyzed when I was 35. For example, I had given a great deal of thought to expanding my publishing operation, putting out a newsmagazine to compete with *Time* and *Newsweek*. I was also very much interested in the newspaper business. But these were challenges that only someone in good health with a lot of stamina could move forth on. I haven't had the

health or the stamina since my shooting. So on my 40th birthday I thought, *Here I am, almost halfway through my life, and I still haven't accomplished many of the things that I want to.* And of course, I thought about how I'd like to have a chance to live the five years between my shooting and my successful operations over again. I also thought about how thankful I was that *HUSTLER* has survived, despite what I've been through. And I reflected on the very positive feelings I have for my wife and her loyalty.

HUSTLER: Have you ever given thought to what might be inscribed on your tombstone?

FLYNT: When the time comes, I'd like just three little words chiseled on that piece of marble—"I Have Lived." You know the Frank Sinatra song "I Did It My Way"? Well, up until the time of my shooting that's just how I had lived—my way. I had lived the life that every red-blooded American fantasizes about. Mine was a true rags-to-riches story. I was a millionaire by the time I was 30, or shortly thereafter. I had limousines and private jets. I drank only the best wine, ate only the best food and fucked the prettiest women. We only pass through this world once, and when you get old, all you're going to have left are your memories. At least I've made mine good ones.

SEX PLAY

(continued from page 32)

In addition, the fact that irritation of the skin—such as the friction created during sexual intercourse—can cause a recurrence also suggests that the virus must still be in the skin. If it remains asleep far down in the nerve center, how could an irritation located on the body surface possibly "awaken" it?

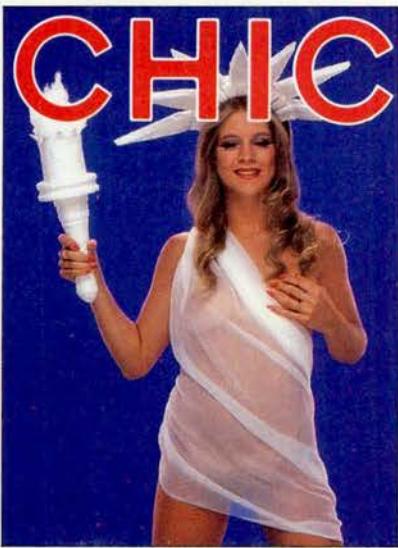
Bierman's method of injecting phenol (an acid found in coal tar and sometimes used as a disinfectant) directly into the infected genital region in effect kills the nerve cells in the skin tissue. The phenol is injected into the shaft of the penis in men, or into the vaginal lips in women. When the infected nerve cells in the skin die, the herpes virus latent in them dies too. It is believed by many that there is some signal between the skin cells and the nerve cells back in the ganglia that "triggers" new outbreaks. By killing the virus in the skin, Bierman's injection cuts off the "line of communication" and so prevents any chance of recurrence, even though some virus may live on within the ganglia.

In preliminary tests conducted on 20 herpes patients over a one-year period, 18 of the subjects responded favorably to the treatment. Nine had no subsequent recurrences, nine had decreased frequency of outbreaks, and two did not respond at all.

Bierman's procedure involves one injection a month for six months, administered while the herpes infection is in the latent stage. Although the treatment seems to have no serious side effects, the injection itself can be very painful: The skin tissue in the genital area is highly sensitive. There are also a discoloration of the skin following the procedure and a temporary loss of feeling in a nickel-size area where the nerve cells die. However, sensation is fully restored four to six weeks after the initial injection, when the nerve tissue grows back.

While the preliminary results seem encouraging, Dr. Bierman cautions us about the danger of overoptimism. He stresses that neurolytic injection is purely experimental at this time, and he advises general practitioners not to employ the technique. Many more tests must be conducted before we'll know whether the treatment is the real thing.

Is the herpes reign of terror finally drawing to a close? A good deal more research is required before we'll have a definite answer. But if Dr. Bierman and others working for a herpes cure have their way, none of us will ever have to worry again that an act of love may haunt us for the rest of our lives.



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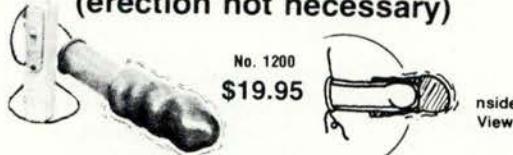
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Magic Power Erection Ring



Patented. Maintains erection as long as desired, even after multiple orgasms. Safe, medically tested, used over 5 years in Japan. Adjusts to fit any penis, locks tight, releases instantly, can be used with condom, does not inhibit ejaculation. Well made, lasts for years. Not cheap, but there's nothing else like it.

No. 1000 Magic Power Ring \$24.95

\$6.95 VALUE
FREE!

DO YOU FEEL INFERIOR? DO YOU LEAVE YOUR PARTNER UNSATISFIED? DO YOU MISS THE REAL PLEASURE YOURSELF? . . . THE MALE EXTENSION

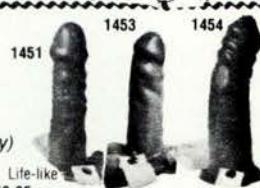
COULD BE THE SECRET TO GREATER JOY THAN YOU THOUGHT POSSIBLE. Provides the extra inches so important to the man with smaller or average size penis. "Extends" you & helps improve performance, adequacy, adds pleasure for both partners. Helps to reach important female erogenous areas. Your mate need not even know it's there . . . but she'll know the thrill and the difference it makes. Made of rigid plastic materials with soft latex wall.

2" Extension
No. 18G

2 1/2" Extension
No. 18H

3" Extension
No. 18V

\$8.95 each



H. Svenson Co., Dept. S349, Box 505, Van Nuys, Ca. 91408

Gentlemen: Please rush me in plain sealed wrapper the items I have listed below. I hereby certify that I am over the age of 18.

ITEM NO.

ITEM DESCRIPTION and/or SIZE

PRICE

Cash Check Money Order
 Send COD. I enclose a \$3 non-refundable service fee.

Total amount of order

Add \$1 for postage & handling \$1.00

Calif. residents add 6% sales tax

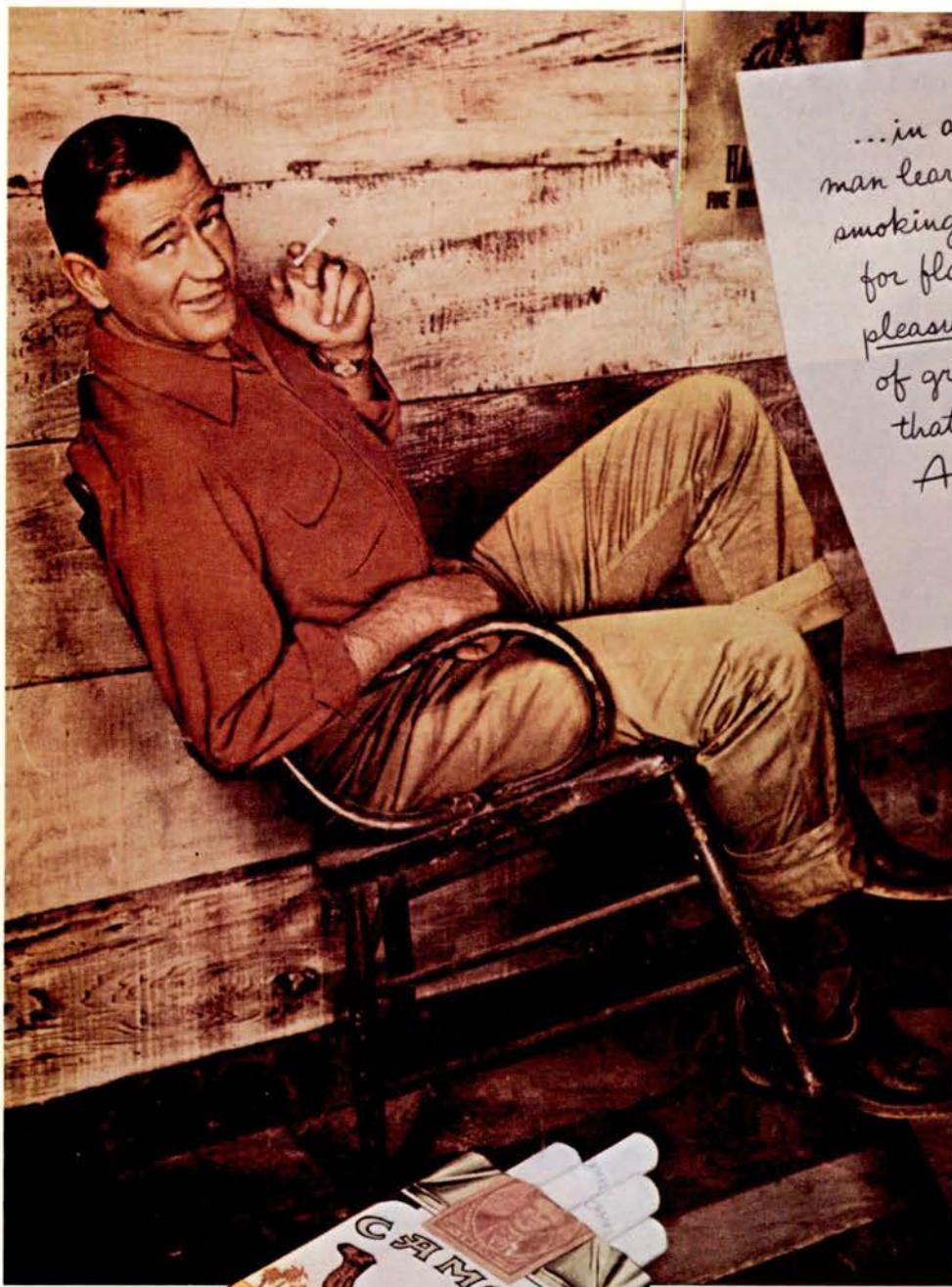
If desired, add \$2 for airmail

Total amount enclosed

Name (please print)

Address _____ City _____ State _____ Zip _____

John Wayne...a Camel fan goin' on 24 years!



...in all that time, a man learns how to enjoy smoking—for mildness, for flavor, for pure pleasure. It's kind of gratifying to see that my cigarette is America's choice, too.

John Wayne

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.
Winston-Salem, N. C.



for Mildness...for Flavor

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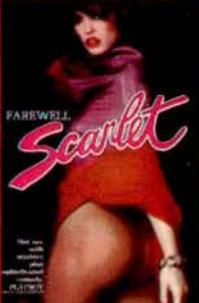
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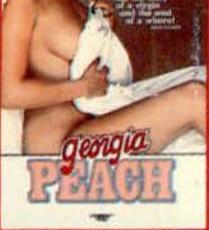
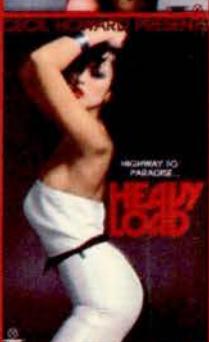
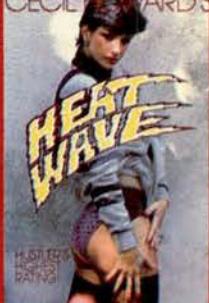
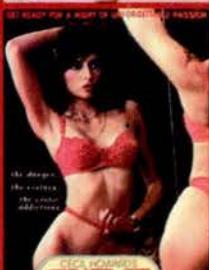
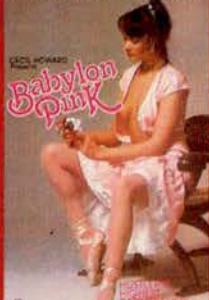
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TASTE THEM...
AND FIND OUT.